THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL IX. NO. 11. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

WEST AND EAST.

Miss Banim Gives Brief, but Brilliant, Pen Pictures of Mayo and Wexford.

Something About Cromwell's Irish Career —The Traitor, Stafford.

CROAGH PATRICK.

Like most of the mountains in the west of Ireland, Croagh Patrick rises almost at once from the plain to its full height of 2,510 feet, and commandi, on a clear day, endless varieties of scenery. We look from the ocean spreading out, wide and blue, or, towards evening, one vast sheet of mellow gold, to the islands outside Clew Bay—Inishtrue, Caper Island, Clare Island, guarding the entrance into Clew Bay; to the northwest, Achill Island, the largest on the Irish coast, with its high mountains and caves where seals abound, and where the cliff scenery is bold and grand. Of its mountains we could see but the tall outlines, as already the sun began to shed over the sea and distant islands the lovely golden haze of evening. But inland, beyond Burrishoole and the extraordinary maze of islands about Newport, away to the northeast Mount Nephin could still be seen, a faint gleam near its base showing where the sun lit up the waters of Lough Conn. At our feet, Westport lay hidden in its trees; across the plain to the east could be seen the spot where stands the village of Mayo, from which the county takes its name, and which is known as one of the Irish seminaries at which Prince Alfred studied. In this place was one of those great seats of learning for which Ireland was so famed, and hither came students from various parts of Europe. To this monastery St. Colman brought a number of English monks, and "for many ages afterwards it was much resorted to by English monks. Hence it came to be known by the name of Magheo-na Sasseach, or Mayo of the Saxons."

Turning to the southeast we could see Lough Mask and Lough Corrib, and across to the county Galway. Everywhere was beauty of scene beyond description, and every scene some landmark full of associations dear to Irish hearts, for perhaps there is no part of our beloved land that has so many traditions connected with its history, no province that the heart so grows to as this Connacht. It must be because it was to its wilds and its sterile, rocky poverty that all the truest and best of our race were banished, in the hope, perhaps, of starving them out. But the very stones softened to the patience, industry, and undying fortitude of our people; their love and their simple faith transformed for them what was meant to be an exile into a paradise, and the barren land destined to be their grave became the cradle of as true and as warm-hearted Irish as ever lived on the rich plains of Munster and Leinster. And to this day there is no lack of warm hearts and cordial hands in the sunny West of Ireland.

I will now, rather abruptly, take a look at

WEXFORD TOWN.

Surrounded by beautiful grounds is a stately church, whose tall spire lifts itself so high as to be a landmark for miles around. We are high above the more ancient parts of the town; from the church the land slopes down to a green valley, through which runs a little stream, "The Folly," by whose bank, and just below us, stood, until recent years, a tree said to mark the spot where the traitor Stafford met Cromwell by night and sold his people. Beyond the Folly's bank rises a hillside crowned by a thick belt of trees which enclose a mansion called Cromwell's Fort—still owned by the descendants of a drummer in the parliamentary army, to whose lot it fell, with much fair land around—the property of a "papist" banished to Connacht. Behind Cromwell's Fort is another historic spot, where, in 1649, the invading forces were encamped; a spot well fortified by high rocks, the front of which is an immense mass cleft through in a straight line from top to bottom, and this mass of stone, known as the "Treepan Rock," or Cromwell's Cut, story-tellers affirm was thus split open with one blow of his sword by the terrible Cromwell himself, in order to make an easy passage, into Wexford for his cannon. It was a blow worthy of "Smite him hip and thigh," for the rift is fifty feet deep and right through one hundred and fifty feet of rock. I like to believe these stories myself—they lend increased interest to a spot—but I had my faith in the might of Cromwell's arm shaken one day last summer by a sceptical stone-breaker, whom I interviewed in front of the very cliff itself. As he sat on his heap of stones and rested on his hammer, or used it now and then to direct attention to a particular spot or emphasize a point in his discourse, he gave me story after story of Cromwell's time and of '98, quoting his authorities from one history or another, but he utterly scouted the favorite legend of Cromwell's Rock, though, as if to compensate for that loss, he told me a true story of an old Wexford woman who "killed a Hessian for herself."

There is not in many towns so fair a view as this which surrounds St. Bride's street church—a church in every way in keeping with the scene, for it is not only in itself a beautiful edifice, but there is a something so purely lovely in its interior adornments that it ever seems to be truly what the church of a living faith should be.

IN THE BEAUTIFULLY CULTIVATED GROUNDS,

on a terrace below the south side of the church, is a most interesting relic of the Penal Days, when wolves and Catholic priests had the same price placed upon their heads, and were hunted alike; when, in order that his faithful people might attend divine service, the outlawed priest must meet them in some secret place—a cavern, a wood, or a lonely hillside, where, while scouts watched on every side to give the alarm in case of an enemy's approach, the people prayed while their pastor celebrated the sacrifice of the mass at some rude erection that served as an altar, frequently but a few stones raised under the shelter of a tree. These stones became sacred to the pious people, and were known as "Carrig an Afrion" or the "Mass Rock."

Here, in these beautiful grounds of St. Bride's church, amidst flowers and sheltered (as when in its original position) by two hawthorn trees, is a rude stone altar, which, in the days of persecution, stood in a district called Kerlogue, about three miles south of Wexford, and where it formed the high altar in the vast unroofed and unwalled temple. The Kerlogue Mass Rock war held in great veneration by the people in the district, whose fathers and mothers—and even many of themselves as little children—remember the Penal times and the risks they ran to assist at mass around this altar. One and all cherish a firm belief in what they relate of the last mass ever celebrated at their Carrig an-Afrion.

The day was tempestuous, the rain fell in torrents; through the entire time of divine service a great storm raged, buffeting and beating upon all around, disturbing everything save the lighted candles on the altar, whose flame never once flickered, but burnt on steadily as if the air were perfectly calm around them. The legend is, at all events, emblematic of how steadily the Wexford Catholics kept the light of faith burning through storms that would have quenched it among almost any other people than those of Ireland. The Kerlogue altar was removed a few years since and erected in these grounds by the present president of Wexford College, Father Luke Doyle, who was desirous to preserve this relic of times whose memories—even while full of pain—are yet dear to every Irish heart as testifying to what our people are capable of enduring for love of faith and fatherland.

THE TWIN CHURCHES.

In a direct line to the north of this church of St. Bride, not more than eight minutes' walk distant, we see another lofty spire, exactly the same as that above us, and rising from a second handsome church, in almost every particular the counterpart of the first, and surrounded, like it, with beautifully laid out grounds. The two are, in fact, known as the Twin Churches—or, rather, to give their familiar names, "Father Roche's Twin Churches," in memory of the late Canon Roche, whose name is that of the type of a perfect priest—full of charity to the poor, of piety and consideration for all who came in his way, no matter what their creed or country—is a household word with rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant throughout his native town. The crowning work and the great delight of Father Roche's life was the building up of these, his two beautiful churches—his children. For these he worked in season and out of season, and for them he begged almost all over the world. Over the second—Rowe street church—Canon Roche's statue seems to keep watch; a fine statue in white marble, the figure imposing and graceful in pose, a noble face most benevolent in expression, yet his loving flock will never allow that it has all the beauty of their own Father Roche—"Still," some of the poor people wisely say, "as it grows older it gets more like him."

Passing Rowe street church one day with a friend who knows every inch of Wexford, and who is acquainted with and has a pleasant word for every man, woman and child in the town, my friend stopped to chat a moment with an aged man whom I had frequently seen at his devotions in the church. "That," said my companion, rejoining me, "is one of the real old-time schoolmasters of the better class—a master who made many a good scholar in his day. He is now over one hundred years old, and will look back, when he meets a friend, and gossip over by gone days. He will tell you how his father was hanged at Ross in '98, and he himself escaping, walked—child as he was—all the way to Wexford, where he settled and lived ever since. He delights to talk of his old pupils, a long line of men who have gone out into the world, and some of whom have made their mark; but, of all he ever taught, his best loved pupil and brightest scholar was the future Minister of the Crown in the Dominion of Canada, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the patriot and poet. Tommy McGee, as we all who knew him here called, and still call him, for it sounds more like the bright lad who was a favorite with everyone. As I said, Tommy McGee was our old friend's favorite pupil. Although born in Warrenpoint, near Newry, McGee looked on Wexford almost as his native place, for he was but two years old when his father removed to this town, where he was employed in the custom house. No one in Wexford knew the boy better than I did, for he was in my employment when he was a mere lad, and was highly thought of by me and by all who knew him, as he was truthful, upright, high-principled, and earnest; full of intellect, genile and amiable. I remember the first thing that brought young McGee into notice was his entering, with all a boy's fresh enthusiasm, into the temperance movement, when, shortly after Father Mathew's visit to Wexford, a juvenile society was established by the late Sir Francis C. Hunte, whose family have always been respected as truly philanthropic.

"Tommy McGee's first speeches made him quite famous as a lad.

THEY WERE ON TEMPERANCE,

and were delivered at tea parties held in connection with the society, and when the boy—then only $6—decided on seeking his fortune in America, a special tea party was given in his honor, gentlemen of the best social position in town and country attending to show their regard for the talented and high-principled youth.

"Soon after reaching America McGee was employed on the staff of the Boston *Pilot*. He kept up his connection with Wexford as correspondent for the *Independent* newspaper, for which he wrote under the name of 'One of the Mees;' he contributed also to the *Freeman's Journal*, whose proprietor, the late Sir John Gray, invited him to return to Ireland and take a position on the staff of that paper. He next became connected with the *Nation*, and was soon a prominent member of the Young Ireland party. His public career henceforward is known to every Irishman. We in Wexford who knew him in his early youth think of him with pride and affection, less even for his public than for his private worth. He was a good and generous son—he never forgot the old place, and he never visited his old home without lecturing for some benevolent purpose. I said he was the soul of honor—yes, and deeply affectionate and grateful to anyone who had ever done him an act of kindness. I remember once—I was living in Wicklow at the time—I met D'Arcy McGee, who had been at a political meeting in the neighborhood; I pressed him to come dine with me and felt hurt and annoyed at his refusal. It was years after that, meeting again, he explained that at the time he was an outlaw, and would not compromise his old friend, a government officer, by being seen under his roof. The incident shows how thoughtful he was for others, even in the midst of his own troubles.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman*

Spring Valley Irishmen.

[To the Editor.]

SPRING VALLEY, Ill., March 5, 1890.—The 113th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet was celebrated here under the auspices of the Emmet Club, at Spring Valley Opera house, and was the most brilliant success ever achieved by the well known and highly popular club. The address of the evening was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Clampett, of Springfield, and the selection of so able an orator as Dr. Clampett was certainly a wise one. His address was listened to with breathless attention, and the frequent applause was an evidence of the good impression he made on the vast audience.

Mr. John J. Hawkins, of Chicago, delivered Emmet's immortal speech from the dock, Prof. T. C. Kohn taking the part of Judge Norbury. The speech and interruptions made a lasting impression on the audience, as the salient points in that masterpiece of oratory were pictured clearly and distinctly. The singing of little Terence O'Riley was superb, and Prof. James J. Delaney (the Yankee boy) fully sustained his well known reputation as a warbler of Irish melodies. "The Last Rose of summer," by Miss Murray, and "The Last Words of Emmet," by Miss Garland, were applauded to the echo.

By request of the chairman of the committee on resolutions, Mr. John J. Hawkins, of Chicago, read the following resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, The oft recurring anniversary of Ireland's martyrs calls together the scattered children of the Gael, and

Whereas, This is an auspicious occasion for the Irish American citizens of Spring Valley to enter a vigorous protest against the manner in which the people of our race have been treated by (what we are sorry to call) the subsidized American press, and that we view with alarm the inroads that British gold has made on hitherto honest sentiments in America: Therefore be it

Resolved, That we renew our allegiance to the cause of Irish freedom and notwithstanding the prejudice that has been entertained against us as a race owing to recent unfortunate events which can be put down as one among the many of the atrocities that have been propagated and perpetrated by agents of the enemies of our race.

Resolved, That we congratulate the Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell on his complete victory over the dastardly London *Times* and that we wish him godspeed in his honest and honorable career in endeavoring to secure the God-given right of Home Rule for our native land.

Resolved, That we offer our sincere condolence to the members of the Home Rule party in Ireland on the death of that intrepid worker in the cause of justice to Ireland, the Hon. Joseph G. Biggar, and we sincerely hope that his reward will be as great as his merits deserve.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered to the Rev. Mr. Clampett, and, after singing "God Save Ireland" the audience broke up well pleased with the evening's entertainment. S.S.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

ROMAN ECHOES.

The Papal Court—Anniversary of Pope Pius IX.—Beatification of a Venerable and Holy Man.

The Pope and the English Government

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Sunday, February 23, Candlemas Day, the Holy Father entered the throne room at 11 a. m. to receive the accustomed offering of blessed candles made by each of the representatives of the Chapters of the collegiate churches in Rome, of the patriarcial churches, the Order of the Jerusalem Knights of Malta, the basilicas, national churches, heads of the various religious Orders, the confraternities, the colleges and seminaries, the religious communities of both men and women. The Holy Father was pleased to express the deep satisfaction which these offerings afforded him, and he imparted to the donors the Apostolic Benediction. On Monday the Supreme Pontiff was pleased to receive the Most Rev. Mgr. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, in a private audience.

ANNIVERSARY OF PIUS IX.

On Friday, the anniversary of the death of Pius IX., a solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem was sung in the Sistine Chapel for the repose of the soul of the late Pontiff of happy memory. The Celebrant was his Eminence Cardinal Gustave von Hohenlohe; the Holy Father assisted in the throne and gave the absolutions after the Mass according to rite. The Pope entered the chapel about eleven o'clock from the little door on the stairs just beside the altar, contrary to the custom of passing through the ducal and regal halls and entering at the bottom of the chapel by the large doors between the tribunes. About twenty members of the Sacred College of Cardinals assisted at the Papal Chapel, besides the Archbishops and Bishops, assistants at the throne, a representative of the Sovereign Master of the Jerusalem Knights of Malta, the various prelates and officer attached to the Pontifical court. In the tribunes were the various members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, amongst whom was General Sir John Liatorn Simmons in full general's uniform. Many of the Roman aristocracy and gentlemen and ladies of all nationalities assisted, amongst whom were the Marquis and Marchioness of of Dufferin and Ava and their son. His Holiness returned to his private apartments after the function, attended by his noble court, about half an hour after noon.

THE BEATIFICATION OF THE VENERABLE ANSINA.

This (Sunday) morning, in the hall of the Loggia, over the Portico of St. Peter's, took place the solemn function of the beatification of the venerable John Juvenal Ansina, of the Congregation of the Oratory, Bishop of Saluzzi. The hall was beautifully decorated and illuminated. On either side were two gigantic paintings representing banners, the handiwork of Philip of Fazzani, of Palermo, who has kept a studio in the Via Cavour here for the last twenty-two years. The one represents the miraculous healing of Catherine Centenari from pleurisy, at the intercession of the blessed; the other is a painting of a noble, a certain Alexander Vaccas, instantaneously cured from a bad abscess. These represent the two miracles proved before the Sacred Congregation of Rites for the cause of beatification of this holy Bishop, who now swells the ranks of the blessed host of sanctified in Heaven who have fought the good fight and attained to the possession of that eternal bliss of mutual union with the love of God in the rapturous enjoyment of the beatific vision. Although from Saturday morning the Pope had given notice that he should not descend to the Hall of Beatification for his solitary visit to the relic of the neo-beatified, after which he generally gives Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on account of the critical state of the health of the Cardinal Brother (as the brother of the Pope is called if a Cardinal, in keeping with a custom which has been in existence since the thirteenth century), yet the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the hall by Mgr. Alfonso Buglione di Monale, Bishop of Saluzzo, who took the place of the Holy Father, but the hall was not even half full.

THE POPE AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

The *Fanfulla*, which pretends to know all about it, informs the world at large that "at the request of the English Government, discussed and regulated by the *Ambassador* Extraordinary, General Simmons, the Vatican has sanctioned civil matrimony for the Maltese Catholics, who up to the present have only had the religious rite." The bare suggestion of such an absurdity is sufficiently outrageous not to need contradiction; but, to remove any shadow of doubt that might possibly remain in anybody's mind, whatever source it might derive its origin from, I may say that it is absolutely and wholly false, and without a shade of foundation. I am in a position to assure your readers, upon the highest and most incontestable authority, that nothing whatever has been or is likely to be changed with regard to the marriage of Maltese Catholics, and the canonical law instituted by the Council of Trent will still continue to be in full force there.

THE ENGLISH CONVENT: AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

On January 19th (the fifth anniversary of the death of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, foundress of the Congregation of Poor Servants of the Mother of God) a very interesting ceremony took place in the Church of St. George and the English Saints, attached to the English convent in the Via San Sebastiano, Piazza di Spagna, of which I had occasion to speak about a month ago. Owing to unforseen circumstances this did not appear before, but I think it of sufficient interest to the readers of the *Catholic Times* to give it now even so long after the occurence. The ceremony consisted in the reception of the veil by three of the novices, namely: Sister Mary Faber McKendrick, Sister Mary Stanislaus Buckley, and Sister Mary Clare Aloysius Dean. In the absence of the Cardinal-Vicar, who was suffering from influenza, his Eminence Cardinal Macchi said Mass, received the vows, and gave the veils to the three Sisters, the last of whom is the daughter of the late Edward Dean, Fellow of All Souls, and (before his conversion) Vicar of Lewknor. After the ceremony a sumptuous breakfast was served by the good Sisters to a number of friends who had been invited on this festive occasion to meet Cardinal Macchi, amongst whom were Archbishop O'Callaghan; Right Rev. Dr. Burke, Bishop of Cheyenne, U. S. A.; Mgr. Campbell, Rector of the Scots College and Protector of the Convent; Very Rev. Father Larocca, Superior-General of the Dominicans; Rev Father Cardella, S J; Rev Father White, O SS. CC; Father Lockhart, B. A. Procurator General of the Redemptorists; Baron and Baroness de Bulow; Count and Countess Colocicchi; Count Negrani; Count Grabinski; Mr. and Mrs. Bethill; Mrs. and Miss Vaughan, Rev. Dr. Rooker, vice Rector of the American College; Mrs. and the Misses Coxon; Herr von Baumgarten, LL D.; Rev. J P. Kesting, and many others. In the afternoon Dr. Burke, Bishop of Cheyenne, gave the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

MISSION OF THE PROPAGANDA.

With the approbation of his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, Right Rev. Monsignor Toner of the United States, Missionary-Apostolic for the Holy See, will preach a sermon in English for the benefit of the above named missions, in the Church Gesu e Maria on the Corso, at 3:30 p. m., on Thursday, February 20th, that day being the 13th anniversary of the election to the Papacy of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. A select quoir will sing before the sermon and at the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, which will be given on the occassion by his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Tyre, Monsignor Jacobini, Secretary for the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide.

GAELIC ATHLETIC GAMES.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, March 10, '90.—The organized crusade of bigotry, prejudice, and calumny which has lately been let loose on the Irish residents of Chicago, should but serve to bind us into a closer bond of fraternal affliction, and show that neither the meddling interference of our "advisors" of the press, or the treachery of some of our own people, can shake our resolve to stand by the old land, and take an active part in the prolonged struggle for our native country's national regeneration.

During the checkered period of the Fenian movement Chicago proudly led the van, and the way our people now rally in their thousands at each recurring national anniversary, and honor the memory of Emmet or the Martyrs of Manchester, proves conclusively that their devotion to the patriotic principles for which those heroes died is as intense today as at any time in the past. On those occasions we listen to the sweet music of our native land, hear the old songs sung once more, and the virtues of our patriots extolled in eloquent language, and we come away fired with enthusiasm for the cause of our country's liberty. Yes, we listen to the old songs and old music, and hear the grand old traditions of our race told, in burning words of patriotic eloquence; but why should the grand old athletic sports and pastimes of our ancestors be allowed to die out and sink into oblivion. Is it not about time that the young men of our race, who have settled in Chicago, should help revive and perpetuate the manly exercises in which our forefathers excelled, and in the practice of which they have indulged for thousands of years.

Some years ago the Gaelic Athletic Association was organized in Ireland, and has accomplished an immense amount of good among our people at home, as well as in keeping alive a spirit of undying patriotism in their hearts, as in physically developing and invigorating their bodies. There are also Gaelic athletic clubs in Boston, Philadelphia, and some other eastern cities, but, up to a year ago Chicago had made no attempt to organize a club, or take the least interest in Irish outdoor sports.

During last summer, however, two clubs named respectively the Emmets and the Shamrocks, sprang into existence in the southwestern portion of the city, and in a contest for the supremacy at football the Emmets came off victorious. This set the ball a rolling, and a number of exiles from different localities on the old sod, who hadn't fordotten the sports of their boyhood days, came together this spring, and organized the Innisfail Athletic Club, the objects of which, as set forth in the preamble to the constitution, are: To practice and perpetuate the ancient sports and pastimes of our forefathers, such as hurling, football, running, jumping, weight throwing, and other games of an athletic character; also to foster a spirit of brotherly love among the members, and keep alive that spirit of patriotic devotion, which keeps us unalterable and unchanging in our affection for the old Motherland across the sea.

One of the by laws reads: In all athletic exhibitions or contests undertaken by this club, the rules governing the same shall, as far as practicable, be those of the Gaelic Athletic Association of Ireland.

Any person of Irish birth or descent can become a member, subject of course to the usual restrictions as to good moral character, etc.

So at last there is a nucleus for the young men of our race to rally around, and when a picked team of athletes from the old land revisits America, there will be a strong organization to invite and welcome them to the west, and place a team in the field to compete with them in a friendly contest for supremacy, and show them that though far away from the land of our birth, our hearts still turn to it with undying affection, and fond memories carry us back to the early scenes and sports of our boyhood, when we rambled among the hills and green valleys and beautiful streams of old Erin. I hope this communication will induce others to give their views on the subject of reviving the old athletic sports of the Gael, and also hope it may be the means of increasing the membership of the Innisfail and other clubs whose objects are identical.

PATRICK COGHLAN.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of the County Board of the A. O. H. of Cook county, Ill., held at Fitzgerald's hall on March 9, 1890, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Almighty God has removed from our midst our worthy brother John Hobin from the scenes of his earthly labors, to confer on him, we trust, the heavenly reward promised to those who keep the commands of His holy church. Therefore be it

Resolved, That while we humbly submit to the decrees of Divine Providence, we deem it our mornful duty to give expression to our sorrow for the loss of a faithful and zealous member of this board and of the organization.

Resolved, That by the death of Brother Hobin our order has lost an able and constant advocate, the church an humble and devote member, his wife and children a loving husband and father, and the general community a worthy and exemplary citizen.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family and friends of our late brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction, and pray that He who holds the destinies of men and nations in his keeping will afford them that consolation which he alone can give.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of the board, that they be published in THE CITIZEN and a copy be presented to his family as a token of respect by the County Board A. O. H. of Cook County.

L. HENELY,
DOMINICK NICHOLSON,
WM. SULLIVAN,
Committee.

How Business Men Travel

The New York *Sun* in a recent article on "Busy Men on the Cars," referring to two prominent New York business men who have important interests in Chicago and New York, says: "Both men travel with small, light valises or dispatch boxes, which are constructed especially to hold papers, documents, telegraph blanks, pads, files, and so on. The amount of work accomplished in the twenty-five hours between Chicago and New York was usually very great, for there was practically no interruption, and schemes were figured out and decisions arrived at in practical tranquility, though they were most of the time running along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The advantages of American railroad travel are eminent in a case of this sort, for a section or private compartment on this train, with movable tables, facilities for being shaved and eating meals at regular hours, practically give a man the advantages of his own office. It is the most successful effort yet to annihilate time and space."

The train referred to in this article is the Chicago and New York Limited (Wagner Vestibule) via the Lake Shore and New York Central route, leaving Van Buren street station every day at 5:30 p. m. F. M. Byron, city passenger and ticket agent, 66 Clark street; C. K. Wilber, western passenger agent.

Daring Mail Robbery.

From the Carragh military camp is reported a robbery of post office mails on an extensive scale. Edward Byrne has been for about three years the driver of the mail cars plying between Newbridge, The Camp, and Kildare. On Friday morning fortnight he arrived at The Camp at his usual hour, and having received the mails, proceeded to Kildare, where he delivered them apparently all right. Subsequently a provost found on the road a couple of post office schedule cards used in connection with the savings bank department, and brought them to The Camp postmaster. The latter proceeded with the provost to the hut used by Byrne as a stable, where Byrne was searched. There was found upon him £47 10s in gold and silver, a mail bag and seal, and a couple of bits of candle. Examination of the list of articles sent with the prison showed that there were still a £5 note and a draft on the National Bank for £37 missing. These were found on one of the camp roads torn into bits. Byrne is in custody.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SEER AND THE CYCLONE.

The convicts had to be paraded; had to stand in order, and to answer to the roll call; had to be carefully examined to see that no prohibited articles, whether of offence or defence, were secreted on their persons; had to go back and make up their hammocks with great order and neatness; had to scrub, partly tethered as they were, the decks to the whiteness of snow; and by the time all this was done, noon was passed and over.

It has been a portion of Kevin's business this day to burnish the brass surroundings of the compass stand, which he did with much care, notwithstanding that his mind was considerably perturbed over this last communication of his afflicted friend. He delayed a very considerable time over it, because he thought it would give him a good opportunity for speaking to the captain, when he came around.

He was dreadfully puzzled to know what to think of Clareman. At times he was inclined to think these dreadful visions were but the disordered fancies that arose from a mind that had partially gone astray during the sufferings of ten years; but his conversation on all other matters was so earnest and sensible, so free from hallucination of any kind, and his sufferings were so palpable and real—and so frightful—that Kevin could not help thinking there was something very strange in the comings of this unknown visitant and something very true in the sufferer's story.

"That's very odd and very strange!"

These words said just beside him, whilst he was in one of these moods of thinking made him nearly start at his work.

Turning quickly around he found the captain at his back. He had taken no notice whatever of Convict 25, but had his whole attention engaged on some object which Kevin, from his position, failed to see.

To make him aware of his presence—of which he seemed wholly oblivious—Kevin gave a slight cough. The captain started in turn, for the noise had broken in upon his train of thought, and turning sharply round said—

"Who's that?"

"It is I, No. 25," said Kevin, lifting his hand to his forehead in in salute.

"What are you doing here?" said he gruffly. "Oh, I see! Well, go on with your work quietly. Make no noise, and don't disturb me."

Kevin considered this was a good chance of mentioning to him his friend's condition, and soliciting prmission to make the change in his sleeping place from the deck to the 'tween decks, a change which, so far as he was personally concerned, would be one for the worse. Even if the captain did not grant it he could only refuse, and there was no harm done. The knowledge of the latter fact and his anxiety to be near his suffering friend, emboldened him, and he said to the captain—

"I want to speak to you, if you please, captain."

The captain was too much engrossed with his observations to hear him; so he repeated the words in a louder tone of voice, sufficiently so to attract attention.

The captain turned round. He would drobably have done so in an angry mood if his mind were not so full of the subject he was considering that h's turning round at all was a purely mechanical action, in which his mind or attention had but little part.

"You want to speak to me—what do you want to speak to me about?" said he absently.

"I wish to get exchanged from the deck to the 'tween decks—to sleep on the 'tween decks."

It was rather a curious and unusual and suspicious request, to begin with. The captain had had some experience of convicts, and he had seen frightful scenes on board ships he commanded—and he had heard of them on others—in consequence of lax regulation and of a lax watch being kept on their doings. He had known powerful secret organizations, in the course of a few days at sea, to be formed for the purpose of seizing the ship and murdering or drowning the officers and crew.

Men doomed to transportation—many of them for years, most of them for life—were ever ready, in their recklessness, to embrace any chance, even at the risk of their lives, of regaining their freedom. It would not be the first nor the second time that he and his crew had to fight for their lives on board his own vessel, in a furious outburst of which not the faintest signs had been previously shown.

Thoroughly mistrustful, therefore, of the favor asked, and of the motives that prompted it, and all alive to the possibility of some secret plan being on foot, he again asked sharply—

"What for?"

Rather taken aback by the abruptness of the question, Kevin was puzzled for an answer.

At last he said—

"There is a friend of mine ill, and I should like to be near him."

"Then let the ship's doctor see him, and at once," said the captain, with an air of suspicion.

"I am afraid the ship's doctor could not do much for him," said Kevin, urged to say so partly by his knowledge that that was so, and to spare his unfortunate friend unpleasant questioning.

"Afraid the ship's doctor could do nothing for him him!" said the captain, whose suspicions were now thoroughly aroused. "Why not? Have you said he was ill?"

But not of an illness that the doctor can cure," said Convict No. 25, still with his hand to his forehead in salute. "He's more ill in mind than in body," added he hesitatingly.

"Send the man up here, and let the doctor see him in my presence," said the captain, as he placed a silver whistle to his lips to call some of his officers to him.

"Don't!" said Kevin appealingly, placing his hand on his arm. "Don't. The doctor can't do him any good. He'll do him more harm than good. You don't know how he is afflicted."

There was so much that was earnest and truthful in Kevin's appealing manner that the captain paused a little.

"How is he afflicted?"

"He thinks," said Kevin, seeking with difficulty to give some account of Clareman's illness without letting out altogether his secret, "that the vessel is going to be drowned! He dreams it. He thinks a vision comes and tells him so. And so——"

He paused in his speaking as he saw the serious change that came over the captain's face. Very far from laughing at the curious malady of the convict's friend, or making light of it, he grew gravely and suddenly impressed by it.

"That the vessel will be drowned!" said he, sinking his voice to a whisper, in which, if there was nothing frightened there was a good deal that was grave and serious. "How long has he been dreaming that?"

"Night after night," said Kevin, in the same whisper.

"Night after night," said the captain with a slight shade of alarm growing over his face. "What's that you said about visions? Sees visions, does he?"

"I believe he does," said Kevin, who was becoming more impressed by the matter as he saw the gravity with which the other entertained it.

"Of what kind?"

"A man comes to him at night," said Kevin, who saw no way open to him now but to tell the whole narrative, "watching him when he wakes, bending over him, looking down at him; muttering all the time, 'Drowned! drowned! drowned!'"

The captain stood with a depressing expression of alarm on his face, during the explanation, and for some time after.

"I must see this man," said he. "What is his number?"

"Thirty seven," said Kevin; "but there's no use in your seeing him. He won't tell you a word. He won't even speak to you on the subject."

"I'll see him at any rate," said the captain, applying the whistle to his lips.

"Tell the officer of the gunroom," said he to one of his mates who came in obedience to his call, "to send me up Convict No. ——." He hesitated for the number.

"No. 37," said Kevin, supplying him again with the number.

"Convict No. 37," said the captain, "and at once."

The officer departed on his mission.

"Do not ask him about this," said Kevin to the captain. "He exacted a promise from me that I should not, in asking this favor of the exchange from you, mention the reason. Nor would I, if I could have avoided it. You will see by his face and manner that he is suffering dreadfully—with or without reason I cannot say—but, at any rate, suffering fearfully."

"With reason, I have not the shadow of doubt," said the captain gravely. Then suddenly—"What is *your* number?"

"No. 25," said the convict.

"Not your number—I meant your name?"

"Kevin Moore," said the convict.

"An Irishman?"

"Yes; from Ireland," said Kevin.

"What part of Ireland?"

"Westmeath—near Athlone."

"Athlone! Athlone," said the captain reflectively. "There's a friend of mine stationed there, if I don't mistake. Did you know a Col. Montfort there?"

"Yes, well," said Kevin. "It was he arrested me, and he was nearly the last I spoke to on Irish soil."

"What were you convicted of?—but, I see!—is this the man?"

Kevin turned his eyes round, and saw advancing along the deck, in charge of the officers, Convict No. 37.

He answered gently "yes," as Clareman advanced and stood with eyes fixed on the ground before the captain.

"I understand you are a friend of No. 25."

Clareman raised his eyes, fixed them for a second on the captain, turned them on Kevin, threw them over the deck, and up the masts with hurried look, and said "yes."

"And you wish that he should sleep near you?"

With the same quick glance at No. 25, at the captain, and up the mast, Convict No. 37 again said "yes."

"Well, then, in that case," said the captain, "I shall accede to the wish. But instead of his sleeping below, you can come up and sleep on deck. The nights will be fine henceforward, and as you are not strong, the change will be an agreeable one."

That it was, and would be, an agreeable one, Clareman's manner and proffered thanks at once testified. Anything other than the gloom below; anything other than the terrors of the long hours of darkness in the 'tween decks; anything for relief from those dreadful eyes, from that watching face, which darkness always evolved from its terrible mysteriousness.

So with grateful thanks to the captain, a look of acknowledgment to Kevin, and another curious look at the masts, on which his gaze seemed to dwell for a second or two with strange interest, Convict No. 37 shuffled with unsteady step along the shifting decks, in charge of the officer, and disappeared again down the forecastle ladder.

The captain sat, steadily looking after him for some seconds, revolving something within his own mind very seriously and very gravely.

"That is a strange looking face," said he.

"It is," said Convict No. 25. "He has suffered a great deal."

"What's his term?"

"For life."

"How long has he been convicted?"

"Ten years."

"It's a long time."

"It is a long time," said Kevin sorrowfully, as he thought of his own sentence.

"It's no wonder strange fancies get into his head."

"If they be fancies," said the captain with fear and perturbation manifest in his face. "They are very unpleasant fancies in face of this," tapping with his hand upon something which Kevin could not see, but which he heard under the captain's fingers.

Not quite understanding this remark, Kevin stood silent. The captain applied his whistle again to his mouth, and called for the first mate, who was not long in making his appearance.

Conceiving that his portion of the conversation was just ended, Convict 25 addressed himself to his work of brightening the brasses around the compass-stand.

The day was a beautiful one in May. The sky shone with unruffled serenity, and the sun's rays glinted from the blue crests of the rippling waves like sparkles of emerald

The extraordinary blueness of the water, reflecting the color of the skies above, was made to look still bluer by contrast with the pearly white foam that crested the tops of the tiny waves as they rolled on and broke against the vessel's sides.

There was no cloud—not even as large as a man's hand—visible in the blue surface of the shining sky; and no waves, except miniature ones, disturbed the placid surface of the ocean. They had been to sea for some days, and evidently had got into pleasant southern latitudes—if the beautiful skies and the smiling sea and the entrancing warmth of the air could be taken as an indication. And the convict could not help remarking to himself, as he scrubbed and polished and brightened, what a very agreeable change it was from the horrors and the gloom of the prison cells on land. What a delightful thing freedom is—even that freedom a convict enjoys on the deck of a convict ship!

He was startled from his reverie and from his work by the mate saying, with the startled emphasis of astonishment—

"My God! that's very strange!"

"It *is* very strange!" said the captain. "It has been running down that way for the last two hours."

"There does not seem any reason for it," said the mate, with a wave of his hand to the blue bright sky above, and the placid sea around.

"No. Yet you see what a heavy fall there has been. There must be some curious change in the atmosphere—though otherwise there is no indication of it. There is a change coming—and very rapidly."

"This barometer was regulated before we left port—was it not?" asked the mate.

"It was," said the captain, as they both again bent their attention on the instrument, "accurately set before leaving, and is, moreover, one of the best if its kind. Even as we look at it—as you see—it is steadily declining."

"So it is," said the mate, as he tapped it with his forefinger. "So it is. It is very remarkable. There is no other indication of any atmospheric disturbance that I can see."

"This is the tale-teller, my dear sir," said the captain, taking his gaze back from the blue sky and the peaceful sea, "this is the tale-teller. It is the greatest fall I ever saw in so short a time."

"I never saw anything like it," said the mate with perturbation also in his manner. "It is unaccountable."

"What is worse, I fear it is true," said the captain in an equally disturbed manner.

"True! Of course it's true," said the mate, "although possibly," added he on reflection, "it may be only a passing magnetic disturbance."

"I am inclined, for other reasons, to think it more—much more. There is a storm coming, and a dreadful one; of that be assured. And you had better make preparations for it."

"We had better reef in the sails."

"Yes; as we have so little wind it does not matter our standing for some time under bare poles," said the captain. "Where are we now?"

"Nearing Finisterre. By to night we should be off it."

"Very well; make all the preparations for a storm. Have all the convicts' hammocks removed to the 'tween decks. All. No, stay! not all. There are two, 25 and 37, that you may let stay on deck. Tell the warder to fetter the others. They are a dangerous cargo in a hurricane. Don't tell them the reason why."

"Very well, assented the mate. "I would look strange if no storm were to come."

"It would," said the captain, "though I fear that that will not be the case. Look at that sky yonder."

The mate did look at the sky. So also did Kevin, who had been listening to the conversation—he could not avoid hearing it where he stood; and, at the significant words with which the captain concluded his suggestions, he could not help lifting his eyes to that portion of the sky indicated.

And as he did so he was completely surprised to see what a change in so short a time had come over it!

The western portion of the sky, where the sun was, had turned into a reddish color—not quite so much red as a sort of foggy yellow purple. Further away, but lower down, and scarcely more than lifting itself up the horizon, along which for some short distance it formed a sort of boundary, moved slowly upwards a cloud of intense blackness. Whether it was by contrast with the brightness of the sky and the purple yellow surrounding the sun, or because of its inherent blackness, it certainly did look ominously dark—the blackest looking rim to a surface of bright sky that Kevin thought he had ever seen.

"That's it!" said the mate laconically, with a significant nod of his head, as he looked earnestly and anxiously in the direction of the sky where it appeared.

After a short psuse he left the captain to carry out his orders.

"How long has this man been seeing these visions?" said the captain, as he seated himself beside Kevin, where he was engaged at his work.

"A long time, I believe," said the latter.

"Did they ever reveal occurrences to him before?"

"I believe not—I don't know," said Kevin. "He did not tell me."

"How long have you known him?"

"About four or five weeks."

"Do you think him trustworthy?"

Kevin thought he did, and said so. Further he told very briefly what he had done for himself, as proof of his unselfish worth.

"His visitor has told him the truth this time, I fear," said the captain. "The glass has been falling unaccountably for the last two or three hours, and that rising cloud yonder tells the reason why. We are in a very dangerous place—all you placid sea—to be caught in a storm."

Saying which, he walked to the companion ladder, and descended to his cabin.

Kevin had always read of sailors being superstitious, and, glancing at the sea around him, so calm and sparkling, thought to himself that there was very little danger of a storm thereon.

He opined that Clareman's brooding fancies had raised unnecessary alarm in his mind. Kevin was but little acquainted with barometers; they were not then—nor even now—usual or occasional adjuncts in a farmer's household. And its falling or rising, rapidly or slowly, impressed him very little.

As the sailors came up, clambering to the deck after one another in a body, Kevin noticed that each and all, as soon as his face lifted itself above deck, took sudden and quick survey of the sun and sky, and fastened their eyes, with a peculiar gleam of knowledge on their faces, on that small black cloud that was slowly lifting itself—growing more inky as it did so—above the horizon.

The calm surface of the shining sea, which he would himself have judged by, they took no heed of whatever as scarce worth their attention. Some few rushed to look at the glass but even these were in a second of time climbing up the ladder ropes after their companions.

In less time than Kevin thought was possible they had spread themselves out on the topsails; were holding on to the mainsails; were hanging from the yard arm; reefing, furling, and tying the sails.

At the same time, the warders in charge of the prisoners below had ranged them in line, and had refettered them. There was no danger to the ship from their violence, therefore, if a storm arose.

Neither was there danger from the sails, which were soon carefully furled up; and the ship standing, a skeleton of her late self, on the mirroring surface of the sea, awaited the development of the storm—if storm there should be. And that a storm was sure to come, the curiously colored sky that surrounded the sun as he descended made manifest. It was what is generally known in these countries as an angry sky. But its wrathful appearance was heightened by the border of intense redness that tinged the black cloud, where the sun's rays touched it, and showed its inky features in such marked and striking contrast.

"That's a threatening sky," remarked the mate to the captain, as they both came on deck again to supervise the work that had been done.

"It is a threatening sky," said the other in answer, "and the glass is still falling!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC PROSE.

Notaidh air Staid na Gaedhilge.

[*Irish-American.*]

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Tá sean rádh a deir, "má's fú obair air bith do dheunamh gur fú í do dheunamh go maith," agus má's fú trísleabhar Gaedhilge do bhunúdhughadh is fú ceann maith do chur air bun. Ní chreidim féin go bh-fuil na h-Eireannaighe go léir 'san d-tír so chó dall agus nach n-aithneann siad rud-maith annair chidheann siad é. Tá faithche mór, fairsing ag trísleabhar Gaedhilge de'n t-sórt ceart air fud na Stáid Aontuighthe; ór mar do thaisbeánas cheana, tá mórán daoineadh agaptha anseo agus annsúd thobh amuigh de na bailibh móra a cheanndóghadh an t-trísleabhar so go luathgháireach, mar is dioghbháil mhór d'á leithidibh gan a mhacsamaail do bheith sea, de bhrigh go dtabharfadh sé cungnamh luachmhar dóibhsan a tá ag fóghlaim na Gaedhilge gan oide.

Is náireach, scanalach an chúis í go bh-fuil na h-Eireannaighe amháin ameasg iomláin na g-cineadh 'san d-tír so gan trísleabhar a bheith clódhbhualte leo in a d-teangain féin; go h-áirighthe mar is siad an cine is líomhnaire ann. Ní'l aon Bhreathnach in aghaid ceud Eireannach air fud na Stáid, acht tá páipéir agus trísleabhair thar cuntas ag na Breathnuighibh—páipéir agus trísbeabhair in nach bh-fuil focal Béurla clódhbhualte ó chúmhdach go cúmhdach, agus fós, feuchainn Pádraic síos le súil dhímheasaigh air an m-Breathnach, ag rádh nach bh-fuil ann acht leath-Shacsanach; agus mar shómpla d'á thír-ghrádh fein caithfidh Pádraic suas a cháibín, ag glaodhach, "Eire go Bráth," gan fhios aige go minic air mhíaighadh na bh-focal. Go bh-fóirighidh Dia orrain! is iongantach, is ró-iongantach an cine an cine Eireannach!

Muna féidir le cumannaibh na Gaedhilge anseo trísleabhar maith do chur air bun dóibh féin, tá sé mar fhiachaibh orra cungnamh a thabhairt d'trísleabhar na Gaedhilge a tá clódhbhualte in Ath-Cliath. Ba cóir go mbeidheadh míle cóip de'n leabhar sin ag teacht chum na tíre so; acht cuirfead geall, gar mórán baoghail go g-cailífead é, nach bh-fuil ceud cóip de ag teacht trasna an t-sáile.

Bhí an t-trísleabhar sin in Ath-Cliath clódhbhualte go míosamhail air d-tús, agus thainic sé amach go ríaghalta air feadh tamaill bhig; acht ní bh-fuair sé an taca ba chóir ó dhaoinibh na h-Eireann 'san m-baile no 'san d-tír so, agus níor bh-féidir é do thabhairt amach go míosamhail a bh-fad, óir, mar a dúbhras cheana, bhí costas a chlódhbhualte díolta beagnach go h-iomlán le dá bhall de Chumann Aondachta na Gaedhilge. Anois, gidh nach bh-fuil a fhoirm leath chó mór agus bhí sí air d-tús, ní'l sé i g-cumas an fhir-eagar an páipeur do chlódhbhualleadh go ráitheamhail féin; agus tá gach comhartha gur geárr ó'n m-bás atá 'n cheud agus an t-aon trísleabhar Gaedhilge do cuireadh air bun in Eirinn, muna sintear lámh éigin amach go tapaidh chum a shábhála.

Nach féidir le grádhuightheoiribh na teangan 'san mhór-thír so nídh éigin do dheunamh air son an leabhair sin? Nach bh-fuil míle duine air fud na Stáid Aontuighthe a tá toilleamhail dollar gach fear do thabhairt chum a bheatha? Ní tré dhéire air bith iarrthar an dollar sin uatha, ór gheabhaidh gach fear díobh cóip de'n trísleabhar air feadh bliadhna, mar mhalairt air a chuid airgid. Le míle dollar i láimh an fhir-eagar bhéidheadh ualach mór tógtha ó n-a shean-ghualannaibh, agus dob' fhéidir leis an t-trísleabhar do chlódhbhualleadh go míosamhail arís. Só obair, agus deagh-obair do chumannaibh na Gaedhilge. Chuir Eireánnaighe na Mre so leath-mhíllún dollar trasna an t-sáile le cúis na Féin-Riaghla agus le cúiseannaibh eile do chur chum cinn. Le cuid an airgid sin deir siad gur cuireadh air bun "Eire Aontuighthe," páipeur nach g-clódhbhualfidh focal Gaedhilge "air son grádh no airgid;" páipeur nach g-clódhbhualfidh—ní amháin Gaedhilig—acht go deimhin aon chuntas Beurla a bhaineas le cúis na Gaedhilge. Má bhí Eireannaighe na tíre so tolleamhail leath-mhíllún dollar do chur a bhaile chum daoineadh a mhianas bás na Gaedhilge, ba chóir go m-beidheadh míle Eireannach le anam agus tír-grádh go leor in ár measg chuirfeadh míle dollar chum daoineadh a tá ag saothrughadh go dúthrachtach chum aithbheoghaidh agus chum leathnuighthe teangan na h-Eireann.

FELIM UA TUATHAIL.

ABOUT ASH BARRELS.

Eleanor Kirk Thinks that all Boys who Tip them Over are not the Very Worst.

Our Native Z-phyr Ginghams — Their Cheapness and Their "Style."

BROOKLYN, N.Y., March 3.—Even those most determined to have a little winter weather during these months allotted to the Ice King by the calendar, have now about given up. That there will be a blizzard in March, and a very late and a very nasty spring and an exceedingly unsatisfactory summer, they are sure, and so look with pain and suspicion upon the springing grass and the budding trees. Why not enjoy today? It seems to me much easier as well as more philosophical. What matter if today is like a little alice taken out of May? It is beautiful all the same, and who are we that should dare to call any kind of weather "unseasonable?"

Our much adored Chauncey M. Depew has, with a tact and ability never surpassed by ady other public man, so harmonized the conflicting interests of the World's Fair as to make every body happy, and to place even the great Republican boss, Thomas C. Platt, in a better light before the world. Mr. Depew ought to come over to Brooklyn now and see what he can do for Dr. Talmage. With the New York *World* and *Sun* both going for the reverend gentleman, he certainly needs help.

Our stores as well as our parks and gardens have a May day appearance. The fabrics which are only shown in April now cover our counters, and dressmakers are busy with summer work. A treatise on the evolution of cotton goods would furnish most interesting reading I have never in all my experience as a shopper seen such lovely materials as are now exhibited. There is a regular raid on the domestic India silks, so beautiful for tea gowns and home dresses, and so cheap—not over ten or eleven cents a yard. Some of my readers will perhaps turn up their noses at the price of this fabric, but they would soon put their hands into their pockets if they could see the pretty stuff.

I am happy to state to my friends at a distance who have asked about these inexpensive India silks and the lovely Toile de Nord Fabrics, that I have succeeded in making arrangements with Denny, Poor & Co., New York city, to supply them with samples. I am under the greatest obligations to this house in furnishing me with information about the newest styles and materials, thus making it possible for me to be of practical use to my readers. There is still another fabric which I examined on my last visit to this establishment, and which I am sure my friends would be glad to hear about. It bears the euphonious name of Parkhill Z-phyr Ginghams, and though not so ethereal perhaps as the summer breeze, is as dainty and delicate and suitable for the summer breeze to flirt with anything that can be found. It is surprising to see how much pains is being taken by our first class manufacturers to produce wash goods in elegant designs. These Park hill Zephyrs are as fine in texture and really more exquisite in design than any French gingham that was ever brought out of a loom. Then the zephyrs are less than half the price of the favorite French fabric. The zephyrs will take the lead in popularity this season in costumes for children and young girls, as well as for mountain and seashore dresses for their elders. Samples of zephyrs will undoubtedly be furnished by the house mentioned above.

In a pious letter from a mother just received I am taken to task for—now what do you think? For "encouraging boys to think that it is no harm to tip over ash barrels." "Such youngsters," I am told, usually "drift into intemperance and iniquity, and become sots and finally lost souls."

I have known ever so many ash barrel boys—some of them near home—and they haven't developed in any such fashion. They are splendid fellows with good manners and bright spirits, and comforts to all who know them. Of course it is naughty to tip over ash barrels, but it is naughtier to accuse one of inciting boys to tip over ash barrels, and to say that all boys who do tip over ash barrels are bound to become "lost souls." Bosh! Give the boys a chance! Treat them kindly and sympathetically, provide them with some occupation that will keep them busy and happy. Give them a camera, a fiddle, a box of carpenter's tools, and lots of love. Somehow that expression "lost souls" springs my temper. Is this 1890, or are we living in the dark ages?

"How shall I select a piano?" a bright correspondent signing herself "Music Lover" inquires. "Shall I go to a dealer in pianos and have an exhibitor fit from instrument to instrument and bangity bang from low base to high treble, or would it be the safest thing for me, although not an expert, to ask the privilege of choosing for myself? I do not want to seem impertinent or in love with my own playing, but the effect of hearing so many instruments without touching them is simply bewildering."

I can give no better advice than that given me a few weeks ago by a gentlemen connected with the house of Sohmer & Co. I had not had my ears offended and my soul purturbed with "bangity bang" as my friend puts it, but had been treated to the very spirit of music. At last, observing my discomfiture, my absolute inability to come to a decision, my companion said: "You should try these instruments for yourself and take plenty of time. When you come to the right one you will know that it belongs to you. You needn't perform—simply feel of it." I removed my gloves and did as I was bid, and fifteen minutes later I had made my choice of a Cabinet Grand. Who can tell why this especial instrument satisfied my fingers, and my heart and my soul more more than any other in this wonderful collection of pianos? This belongs to the realm of metaphysics, but it is a most interesting question. So I say to "Music Lover," choose your own instrument by finding out whether or not it speaks to you in the tones of a real lover. If it does, look no further; your mission is accomplished.

The excitement about the Woman's Press Club seems to have ended in a decided fizzle. This organization was taken to task for saying that Mrs. Sangster, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, and Miss Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, were members of the club. Now it falls out that the club never said any such thing. Then the club was hauled over the coals for holding its meetings on Sundays. Again it transpired that these intelligent and brilliant women convene on Saturday evenings. So the proprieties are not offended. Miss Mary L. Booth, the former editor of the *Bazar*, was in the habit of holding her receptions on Sunday evenings, and most delightful occasions they were. The Cary sisters, Alice and Phebe, also received on Sunday afternoons and evenings in order to give those who were too busy to call of a week day an opportunity to do so. No one who ever attended these little informal parties will ever forget them. In no church in the world could ther have been found more spirituality, more unselfish desire for the elevation of humanity, then in this simple drawing room of Alice and Phebe Cary.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren st., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 683 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining Church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 95 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Broaqueen, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 338 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mctregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 496 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 326 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2054 Scnfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Ratha, pastor

A BAD SPELL.

A merchant's clerk wrote a check for forty dollars, and spelled the numerical adjective "f-o-u-r-t-y." His employer directed his attention to the error, with the remark, "You seem to have had a bad *spell* this morning." To which the clerk replied, "Sure enough; I've left out the "g-h." Let us hope the clerk will still further amend his orthography, meanwhile, if anybody is suffering from a "bad spell" of headache, superinduced by constipation, over-eating or other indiscretion, let that person ask his druggist for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are entirely vegetable in composition, and are prompt and effective in action. They are *specific* in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They are strongly cathartic or mildly laxative according to size of dose. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. One or two of Dr. Pierce's Pellets taken daily with the "Discovery" will add to its efficacy in case the liver is very torpid and the bowels constipated.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine of its class *guaranteed* to do all it is represented to accomplish, or money paid for it will be refunded. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Burrows Got the Best of Him.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., March 10.—A detective named Jackson went to Lamar county several weeks ago disguised as a foot peddler for the purpose of locating Rube Burrows, the famous outlaw. He started alone shortly after to the hills where Burrows was supposed to be hiding. Nothing more was seen of him until last Saturday, when his dead body was found in the woods riddled with bullets. He had evidently been dead five or six days. It is supposed that Jackson was murdered by Burrows or his gang.

Requiem Mass for Entombed Miners.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 10.—The Rev. Father Thomas, of Hoboken, N. J., conducted the requiem mass celebrated in behalf of the entombed miners in the south Wilkesbarre shaft, at 8 o'clock Monday morning in the St. Mary's Catholic church. The services, which were of a most solemn and impressive nature, were attended by about 2,000 people.

Mysterious Disappearance.

TUSCOLA, Ills., March 10.—Mrs. Edith Crimmel, the young wife of Henry Crimmel of Arcola, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared a week ago and no trace of her whereabouts can be found. She had some domestic difficulty with her husband just before she left, and there are stories afloat that she has gone off with another man.

Three Deaths from La Grippe.

CHICAGO, March 10.—Three distributors employed in the Chicago postoffice died Sunday afternoon from "la grippe," contracted while sorting mail matter from Russia. Their names are McDavitt, Weidman and Nelson.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, March 10.

Quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 March, opened and closed 78c; May, opened 78¾c, closed 79c; July, opened 76¼c, closed 76¼c. Corn—No. 2 March, opened and closed 28c; May, opened 28½c, closed 29¼c; July, opened 30¾c, closed 31c. Oats—No. 2 March, opened and closed 20⅝c; May, opened 21⅛c, closed 21⅜c; July, opened and closed 26⅝c. Pork—March, opened and closed $9.85; May, opened $10.07½, closed $10.12½; July, opened $10.15, closed $10.20. Lard—March, opened $5.97½, closed $6.02½.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened steady at Saturday's prices; later now stronger, with prices 5c higher; light grades, $3.95@4.15; rough packing, $3.85@3.90; mixed lots, $3.95@4.10; heavy packing shipping lots, $4.00@4.12½. Cattle—Market steady to strong; beeves, $3.25@5.10; bulk, $3.65@4.30; cows, $1.50@3.50; bulk, $2.35@2.60; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.60. Sheep—Market strong; natives, $3.80@5.90; corn-fed westerns, $4.90@6.65; lambs, $5.00@6.40.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 26½@27c; fine creameries, 21@23c; dairies, finest, fresh, 18@22c; packing stock, 4 5c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 13c per doz. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 9½@10c per lb; turkeys, 10@11c per lb; ducks, 12@12½c; geese, 5@10c per lb. Potatoes—Peerless, 33@35 per bu; Beauty of Hebron, 38@40c per bu; Burbanks, 40@43c per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, goo i to fancy, $3.25@3.75. Apples—Good to fancy, $3. 0@3.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin bell and cherries, $8.50@9.00 per bbl.

New York.

NEW YORK, March 10.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 88½c cash; do May, 86½c; do June, 85½c; do July, 84½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 37c cash; do March, 36½c; do April, 36⅝c; do May, 37¼c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed, 29c cash; do March, 28½c; May, 27c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $10.75@11.00 for new. Lard—Quiet; March, $6.32; April, $6.34.

Live stock: Cattle—Market 10c ₩ 100 lbs lower on medium steers and firm, steady on prime; poor to good steers, $3.75@4.30; bulls and cows, $2.10@3.25. Sheep and lambs—Weak for sheep; firm and steady for lambs; sheep, $5.00@5.25 ₩ 100 lbs; lambs, $6.25@7.50. Hogs—Fair to good alive; $4.00@4.05.

THE UNPROGRESSIVE TURK.

Fate of a Sultan Who Was Too Civilized for the Shiek-ul-Islam.

LONDON, March 10.—The Berlin Tageblatt prints a special dispatch from Constantinople reporting the death of ex-Sultan Murad V., who succeeded his uncle Sultan Abdul-Aziz on May 29, 1876, and was deposed in favor of his brother, the present sultan, on Aug. 31 of the same year. Murad was educated outside the harem, and, in addition to the unusual attainments he thus acquired, imbibed a disposition to institute reforms entirely at variance with the Moslem policy and traditions.

Had a Dead Sure Thing on Murad.

His peculiar tendency soon attracted the attention of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who caused it to be understood, true or not, that the commander of the faithful was insane. The exhibition of a desire to introduce reforms being most convincing evidence to the mind of a Turk of the insanity of the would-be reformer, Murat was accordingly deposed after a reign of three months, and has since, it is alleged, been confined in a palace, though as nobody ever afterward laid eyes on him it is widely believed that his death occurred almost immediately after his dethronement.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

LONDON, March 10.—There is apparently no prospect of a compromise between the friends of the deceased wife's sister bill and the members whose efforts to extend its provisions have in previous sessions proved fatal to the measure. The promoters of the bill still hold that they are pledged not to agree to its extensions to cases of marriage with a deceased husband's brother; and on the other hand Mr. McDaren and his friends are resolved to raise this question, whatever may be the effect on the prospects of the measure. They will discuss the point in the debate on the second reading, and will afterward raise it formally by an instruction to the committee.

A Decided Fizzle.

LONDON, March 10.—The mass meeting in Hyde Park Sunday, under the auspices of the various labor organizations, to protest against the treatment by the Russian government of political prisoners, was not so largely attended as had been expected. There were about 2,000 people present, mostly Radicals and Socialists. John Burns was the principal speaker. He delivered an eloquent and impassioned address, denouncing the outrages upon Siberian exiles and calling upon the British government to use its influence to induce Russia to adopt a more humane policy.

Sir Roger Failed to Ante.

LONDON, March 10.—Arthur Orton, nominated to contest the seat for Stoke upon Trent under the name of Sir Roger Doughty Tichborne, baronet, has failed to deposit a sum to meet the share of the expenses of the canvass, and his nomination has, therefore, been cancelled.

A Hundred Miners Entombed.

LONDON, March 10.—An explosion has occurred in the Morsa colliery at Glamorgan, Wales. One hundred miners are entombed. Communication with the unfortunate miners is impossible and it is feared that they have all perished.

Lincoln Will Not Resign.

LONDON, March 10.—Mr. Robert Lincoln, United States Minister to England, denies the statement that he intends to resign.

Death of Sir Peter Coates.

LONDON, March 10.—Sir Peter Coates, of the firm of J. & P. Coates, thread makers, is dead.

THE TWIN CITIES.

A Proposition for Their Advancement Made by Henry Villard.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 01.—Henry Villard has instructed C. E. Marvin, of St. Paul, to say to the St. Paul Industrial union that if the Twin Cities will place $3,000,000 at his disposal he will issue stock to them for the same and make this the leading manufacturing center in the northwest.

Must Pull Together.

"But tell both St. Paul and Minneapolis people," said Mr. Villard, "that it will be impossible for me or any one else to accomplish a result unless the 'Twins' pull together in perfect harmony. If there is any jealousy and bickering between them it will frighten away capital which otherwise would be drawn there, and I shall not hazard my time, to say nothing of money, in the undertaking. The advantages there are phenomenal and there are very good reasons why these two cities must begin at once to pull together and to pull hard. If they do not do this they may lose their prestige, and this would be an incalculable disaster.

Illinois Farmers for Protection.

GREENVILLE, Ills., March 10.—At a meeting of Republican clubs here Saturday Judge C. J. Lindley, president of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit association, offered resolutions which were adopted, declaring that "we believe the tariff for necessary revenue should be so levied as to discriminate in favor of American labor, and preserve and promote a home market for American farmers," and that "the increasing of our home consumption through a national protective policy affords the only star of hope for American agriculture."

A Drummer Missing.

CHICAGO, March 10.—Rowland Leach, a commercial traveler from New York, put up at the Palmer house a week ago. He went out the same night and has not been seen at the hotel since. A woman named "Etta" called to see him just after he went out. The police have discovered that he met her later and remained with her for a time, then went to a saloon called the "Little Auditorum" where he drank considerable. He then went into the alley and disappeared. It is believed he was robbed and murdered.

Preferred to Hang Herself.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., March 10—Adne Chomo, who was indicted with John Kenderosh for the murder of her husband John Chomo at Pottstown last November, committed suicide in her cell Sunday by hanging herself with a silk handkerchief, which she tied to the cell door. Kenderosh was acquitted Saturday. After his acquittal Mrs. Chomo grew very melancholy.

Breach of Promise Case Ended.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., March 10.—A sensational breach of promise case ended here in the Circuit Court by the award of $5,000 in favor of the complainant. William Gibson, a wealthy farmer, and Miss Rosanna Brown were to have been married recently, but the prospective groom fled before the nuptial hour and has not since been heard of.

The Treasurer Skipped Out.

PEORIA, Ills., March 10.—Charter Oak camp, No. 87, Modern Woodmen, of this city, mourn the mysterious disappearance of their treasurer and general manager, George P. Tjaden. The lodge funds are $1,000 short.

WHOLE FAMILY CREMATED.

Mother and Seven Children Burned—The Father's Desperation.

MONTREAL, Can., March 10.—At Cote St. Michael, a flourishing little parish about five miles from this city, eight persons lost their lives by fire. Onezime Collerette, a French-Canadian, lived with his wife and seven children in a large house on the main road. Sunday morning Collerette, as usual, went out to look at his cattle, and had not been long gone when he saw the house in flames. He rushed into the burning structure, and made a desperate effort to rescue his wife and children. His efforts were vain, however, and he was rescued from the flames more dead than alive. Five boys, two girls, and Mrs. Collerette were burned to death.

The World's Fair Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 10.—At a final conference between the Chicago delegation and the sub-committee of the house committee on the world's fair legislation at Washington, the world's fair bill was completed and will be placed before the full committee at its first meeting. The bill provides that the management of the fair after its opening shall be vested in a national commission, composed of two members from each state, who are to be nominated by their governors and appointed by President Harrison, such committee to be divided as to the politics of its members. The selection of a site and all other arrangements for the fair, financial and otherwise, are to be left to the control of the Chicago corporation.

Fastest Time on Record.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 10.—The special train tendered by the Pennsylvania Railroad company to Manager A. M. Palmer to convey his "Aunt Jack" company from New York to Washington, made the run between the two cities in four hours and seventeen minutes, the fastest time on record; five hours and thirteen minutes being the best previous record. Mr. Palmer's company took dinner at the Arlington hotel, and then went to Albaugh's Opera house, where the matinee performance for the benefit of the Actors' fund began at 1 o'clock, before a large and distinguished audience. After the performance the company returned to New York, reaching that city in time for the evening performance.

A Finely Equipped Train.

CHICAGO, March 10.—The members of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents who are to hold their meeting in the City of Mexico on the 18th inst., left this city at 10 o'clock in what is probably the finest equipped train in the world. It comprises eight Pullmans, two dining cars and an observation car, is vestibuled throughout and is lighted by electricity and heated by steam. The train is used for the first time. Stops will be made at different cities in Mexico, where arrangements have been made to entertain the visitors, and in the capital the general government will pay them especial attention. The party number more than 100 persons.

She Weighed 428 Pounds.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 10.—The funeral of Miss Lizzie Kramer took place from the residence of her brother Frank in this city. The young lady was the heaviest woman living in Pittsburg. All the members of the family are of heavy build, including father and mother, but Miss Lizzie was larger than any two of her five stalwart brothers. Her coffin was 5 feet 9 inches long and 35 inches across, inside measurement. Seven strong men found it a difficult task to put the body in the hearse. Miss Lizzie was of a very retiring disposition and seldom was seen on the street. She was taken ill Thursday and died Friday night.

FATAL RAILWAY WRECK

Seven People Killed on the Lake Shore Railroad.

A PASSENGER TRAIN SPLIT IN TWO.

The Accident Happened on a Down Grade, and the Front Part of the Train, Stopping, Was Crashed into by the Runaway Cars Behind—A List of the Dead and Injured—A Sad Incident of the Disaster.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 7.—Train No. 12 on the Lake Shore railroad from the west, due in Buffalo at 9:10 p. m., and running very fast to make up lost time, broke in two near Humburg about 8:50 o'clock Thursday night. The front part of the train, consisting of engine, tender, smoker, and two day coaches, was stopped, and the rear portion crashed into it, killing seven persons, among whom were the following: Mr. J. E. Stewart and Mrs. J. E. Stewart, Rochester; J. Swan, sleeping-car porter, Salamanca; Mrs. J. D. Baucus, Saratoga Springs, skull fractured, died of injuries; three unknown men.

Two of the three unknown dead have been identified. They are John T. Power, traveler for D. M. Collins & Co., Pittsfield, Mass., skull fractured; J. W. Flynn, Canton, Ohio, traveling agent for Lautz Bros. & Co., of Buffalo, compound fracture left arm and shoulder and same with left leg, wound on right thigh. The third man's remains have not been recognized yet.

A List of the Injured.

The names of the seriously injured are as follows: Henry Bubrich, of Rochester, injury to knee; George E. Martin, of Boise City, Idaho, chest bruised; Rev. Johnson Myers, Cincinnati, cut in head and leg; L. H. Fisher, Boston, right ankle dislocated and head cut; F. A. Coombs, 878 North Twenty-fifth street, Philadelphia, side and head cut; Julia Healy, Boston, head injured and collar-bone and right arm fractured; J. C. Armstrong, 130 Fulton avenue, Rochester, head cut and leg injured; W. W. Branch, Charlestown, W. Va., left arm broken; Charles Burch, New York city, left ankle sprained; H. T. Jaeger, 161 South Goodman street, Rochester, N. Y., ankle sprained; L. F. Haupt, 264 Summer street, Buffalo, badly cut; George E. Allen, general northern passenger agent of the Lake Shore railroad, leg fractured; Henry Ulrich, Rochester, knee sprained; J. D. Baucus, Saratoga Springs, face and leg cut; Julius Sigel, New York city, left arm broken; George S. Thompson, ankle sprained in jumping from the train; J. E. Minnick, Philadelphia, arm crushed.

The Victims Brought to Buffalo.

The wrecked train, drawn by the regular engine, but minus the shattered sleeping-car Salina, and the wrecked coach, started from the scene of the crash at about 2:40 o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the Central depot at about 3:30. The sleeper Auburn was filled with injured passengers, and contained one corpse, Mrs. J. D. Baucus, of Saratoga. There were four dead bodies in the baggage-car, which came in at 4:10 with the second section of the wrecked train—those of the colored porter, Swan, Mr and Mrs. Stewart, and an unknown Italian. In the sleeper Auburn the physicians were busy alleviating the sufferings of the injured, and at times the groans of the wounded were heartrending. In the coaches the passengers were badly frightened, and not a few were nursing slight injuries, and all were recounting their experiences.

The Dead Bodies.

One after another the mangled corpses were taken out, laid on the trucks and wheeled away to the baggage room, where they were temporarily placed. The second body to be taken out was that of Mrs. Stewart, of Rochester. She wore a sealskin sacque and lay with her hands folded and a ring showing upon one of them. Finally there were five trucks containing dead standing side by side in the baggage room. Then the sad work was over for the time and the crowd who had been watching the scenes dispersed.

A Bride Among the Killed.

One of the saddest incidents ever recorded in the annals of railroad disasters was the death of Mrs. Baucus, a handsome young bride from Saratoga. Her body was horribly bruised and her skull crushed. Mr. Baucus is at the hospital here in a state of frenzy bordering on insanity. The doctors say it will be a miracle if he ever recovers his reason. Mr. and Mrs. Baucus had been spending their honeymoon in the west and had been married only a few weeks. When the accident occurred Mrs. Baucus was pinioned in the wreck. Her husband was injured about the legs and head, but his pains were nothing to him as compared with the agony he felt for his wife. She was brought into the sleeper when extricated and Drs. Thompson and Greene of Buffalo at once did all in their power for her relief, but she remained unconscious. In the meantime the husband was stretched out on another seat with two doctors working over him.

Kissed His Dying Wife.

The poor man seemed indifferent to his own suffering and every few minutes jumped up from his seat to get a look at his wife, who was rolled up in blankets and lay stretched across a double seat. The doctors restrained him by keeping him constantly informed of her condition, but the suspense was too much for him. The wretched man jumped up, brushed the doctors aside, and folded his arms about the dying woman. "She is cold; she is cold!" he cried in despair, glancing pitifully at the physicians.

"No. She's living yet," answered one of them. The devotion of the broken-hearted husband was touching in the extreme. He refused to be led away, and clung to the side of his unconscious wife, kissing her bleeding lips and urging on the doctors to further efforts to save her life. The wounded woman died, however, at 2:30 o'clock as the train was slowly moving into Buffalo.

First to Discover the Accident.

T. H. Brown, of New York, who was on the first portion of the train, says that a baggage checker, standing on the rear platform, was the first to discover that the sleepers had broken loose. He informed the conductor, who signalled the engineer to stop, and the front of the train came to a stand-still. The conductor then saw the sleepers coming down the grade at a terrific rate of speed and shouted to the engineer to go ahead, but it was too late and a second later the crash came. This sudden stoppage of the front part of the train without ascertaining the position of the detached cars was what caused the collision.

They Had a Little Scheme.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 10.—George W. Gregory and John R. Ewing were arrested Saturday, charged with stealing $212 from Wells, Fargo & Co. They confessed their guilt, and admitted that the theft was to have been the beginning of an extensive series of similar robberies. Gregory was formerly a messenger for the company. After obtaining a key which would unlock the treasure boxes he resigned, and took Ewing into his confidence.

which has been apointed to collect, among other things, some statistical information in regard to applications for positions in the federal service. I know the large demands which are made upon your time and am sorry to trespass upon it, even to the smallest degree, but if you have, in any form convenient and accessible, the means of giving me information in respect to any of the following matters, I should be much obliged to you if you would kindly tell me:

1. How many applications for office have you received during the past year?

2. What is the average amount of correspondence which each of these applications requires on your part?

3. What amount of time (either of your own or secretary or clerk) is required, as nearly as you can judge, for conducting this correspondence and for attending to appointments?

4. How many offices are there in your district or elsewhere (approximately) where the appointments depend upon you?

5. Have any elections been held in your district to determine who the appointee should be, and if so, in how many instances, where and for what positions?

"By giving me such information as you could upon any of these matters you would confer a sincere favor upon, yours faithfully."

TAULBEE IS NO MORE.

The Ex-Congressman Dies from the Effects of Kincaid's Bullet.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 11.—William Preston Taulbee, a representative in congress from the Tenth Kentucky District in the Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth congresses, who was shot in an altercation with Charles E. Kincaid, the Washington correspondent of The Louisville Times, in the house wing of the capitol on the afternoon of Feb. 28, died Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock at Providence hospital. He died, therefore, without making any statement, and the case against Kincaid will rest entirely on the testimony of himself and two eye-witnesses of the tragedy. As soon as the news of Taulbee's death reached police headquarters, an officer was sent to Kincaid's room, he was awakened and, after he had dressed, was taken to the police station where he now is.

Transportation of Goods.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 11.—Secretary Windom has granted the Northern Pacific Railroad permission to transport goods wholly by rail from ports in Canada through the United States to other ports in Canada, when the goods are placed in cars, duly secured by Canadian seals and accompanied by manifests in triplicate, and when United States collectors have no doubt of the good faith of representations made. It is expressly stated that nothing in the letter of permission is to be construed as affecting present regulations governing the transportation of goods from port to port in the United States, or of imported merchandise in bond or of goods coming from foreign countries and destined for Canada.

Sherman Sells a Mansion.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 11.—Senator Sherman has sold his large brick mansion, known as the Stanton house, having been occupied by the war secretary, for $40,000. The block of houses of which this is one is in the most desirable part of Washington City, being on the fashionable K street, facing south, and overlooking Franklin square.

OWNS TWO HISTORIC ESTATES.

One of Which Was Made Famous by Sir Walter Scott.

NEW YORK, March 11.—Two of the largest and finest estates in Scotland have just come into the possession of John S. Kennedy, the banker, of 40 Wall street, this city. One of the estates, Grandtully, is made famous by Sir Walter Scott, who describes it under the name of Tullyveolan in "Waverly." Grandtully is noted for its varied and picturesque scenery, and the place is visited yearly by scores of American tourists. The other estate, the Murtly, is on the River Tay, and is renowned for its grouse moors, and includes Loch Kennard. It is a place of great historic interest. Comte de Paris, father of the young Duc d'Orleans, is the present tenant of the property. The price paid for the estate is $1,800,000.

Big Fire at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, March 11.—The five-story building on the southeast corner of Third and Vine streets, owned and occupied by Stern, Mayer & Co., one of the largest and wealthiest clothing manufacturing firms in this city, was completely gutted by fire early in the morning. The loss is estimated at $450,000; insurance, $250,000. Fireman White, of the Nines, was thrown from a ladder by a falling cornice during the progress of the fire and badly hurt. Engine No. 6 while en route to the fire collided with a freight car at Sixth and Baymiller streets. The driver, James Sheppard, was thrown from his seat and sustained a fracture of the skull and several bruises.

Strike at Marshaltown, Iowa.

MARSHALTOWN, Iowa, March 11.—The mechanics in the Iowa Central locomotive department, boiler shop, and round house here are all out on strike. The company gave notice Saturday night that it would allow only straight time instead of time and a half hereafter for night and Sunday work, and asked the men to work under the new deal. Every one refused and were paid off, and the shops are practically idle, with little hope of the difficulty being adjusted soon. The company claims that the step was taken not only for retrenchment, but because some of the men were making false reports of time put in.

End of a Switchman's Strike.

CHICAGO, Mich., March 11.—The switchmen's strike on the Northwestern road was settled in the afternoon by the company discharging Yardmaster Brooks. The men returned to work, but after working an hour discovered they had another grievance and demanded the discharge of James McCarroll and Jesse Ogden, two switchmen, who had sympathized with Brooks. This demand of the men was also granted, and the men went back to work. Brooks has been promised other work by the company, and no further trouble is anticipated.

A Home Ruler Controverted.

LONDON, March 8.—Detective Moser, who was employed by The Times, has written a letter, in which he denies that he was in America at the time when Mr. T. Harrington, in the debate in the house of commons on the Parnell commission report, asserted that he (Moser) exchanged cable dispatches with Mr. Soames, solicitor for The Times, with regard to procuring evidence in support of the charges made by The Times against the Parnellite members of the house of commons.

The "Blind Pig" Is Not Dead.

DUBUQUE, Ia., March 11.—"Hank" Colby, the proprietor of the original "Blind Pig" at Fort Dodge, who signed an agreement on Saturday to quit the business, and paid a $1,000 fine, was in the city Monday laying in a new supply of liquor. The joy of the "prohibs" over the capitulation of this citadel of the "rum power" is a trifle premature.

MR. STANFORD'S SPEECH

Relating to Government Loans on Real Estate.

HE GIVES HIS VIEWS TO THE SENATE.

The Good Uncle Sam Might Do in the Money Loaning Business—Civil Service Reformer Foulke Addresses a Letter to Congressmen in Which a Number of Questions are Asked—Death of Ex-Congressman Taulbee—Capital Items.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 11.—Senator Stanford in presenting his resolution to the senate relative to government loans on real estate, said:

"From the earliest civilization there has existed in all countries a need of some commodity that will stand as a representative of values through which exchanges can be made without the commodities themselves being passed from hand to hand. In process of time, gold and silver came into use for the

LELAND STANFORD.

purpose of equalizing exchange, and to-day when stamped by responsible governments these metals have a value as money far beyond any possible value they might have were they only used in the arts. But it is obvious that their value as legal tender dedends as much on the government stamp as does the paper which is stamped by the government and made legal tender.

Money and Property.

"Money becomes valuable as it stimulates industry and fascilitates the exchange of the products of man's labor. Property itself is valuable according to the uses to which it is applied. Thus, supposing a man's wages were $1 a day, $100 would employ 100 men one day, but could the product of the labor of those 100 men be immediately utilized, the $100 might give employment to 100 men every work day in the year. The government bond is valuable to the holder on account of the interest it earns. As an energetic factor in the transaction of men it only amounts to the percentage which it draws; but when the bondholder, by depositing it with the government, receives back 90 per cent. in government bills, 90 per cent. of its value becomes energized into an active commodity, giving employment to the energies of the country. In like manner, if the farmer were able to borrow from the government, without interest, a certain amount of its bills, giving his farm as security therefor, to that extent his land would become an active force, and he would be enabled, while giving employment to the extent of the money loaned him, to improve his farm and increase its value to the full amount of the loan.

Would Do Double Duty.

"Thus the government loan would be doing double duty. Now, the activities of this money do not terminate with its expenditure by the farmers; those who have received it in their turn will make use of it as energizing factor in the forces of life to an indefinite period. As money employs labor it brings to life a continuing force—labor begetting labor as certainly as its fruits are valuable. Another way by which we can appreciate what money actively used may perform in the sentiment of balances is to be found in the balance of commodities produced and exchanged compared with the amount of money in circulation. How far the boundless resources of our country shall be put into activity depends not only upon the active industry of our people, but upon the power necessary to induce that industry; and it should be the fostering care of the government to see that such industry receives every encouragement.

Protection of the Government.

"An abundant supply of money means to individuals of capacity a field for the use of their abilities in prosecuting their various callings of life, and will be particularly valuable to associations of individuals by affording them facilities for obtaining capital for the transaction of every kind of business. An abundance of money means universal activity, bringing in its train all the blessings that belong to a constantly employed, industrious, intelligent people. If these proposed loans could be made by the government without risk I do not think there would be any serious obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of the object of this resolution. In my opinion ample protection would be afforded the government if it limited its loans to one-half or one-quarter the assessed value of the property given as security, and upon the appraisement of government officers especially selected for that duty.

The Multitude of Toilers.

"It seems to me that the great thought of humanity should be how to advantage the great multitude of toilers, increase their power of production, and elevate their condition. We know that a great improvement is within the provisions of Providence, and in the prosperity of the masses of the people the prosperity of all is assured. Man is the rightful heir to peace and prosperity, and very much depends upon the intelligence of governments to represent the associated capacities and interests of the whole. It is one of the most effective means of placing at man's disposal the force inherent in the value of property, in thoroughly furnishing a bountiful supply of money based upon unquestioned and secure values."

REFORMER FOULKE'S QUESTIONS.

The Hoosier Civil Service Reformer After Some Information.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 11.—William Dudley Foulke, the eminent Hoosier civil service reformer, is still busily engaged in Washington City collecting statistics on all the phases of the subject of civil service reform. Mr. Foulke's latest attempt to inform himself on this important question is made in the shape of a letter addressed to members of congress, in which he asks a number of questions as to the federal patronage in their respective districts. Some of the congressmen addressed have been so impolite as not to answer the letter, which is as follows:

"I am engaged in the work of a committee

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 15, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Booth and Modjeska.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Clara Morris.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Richard Mansfield.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"The Prince and the Pauper."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Cora Tanner in "Fascination."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Murray & Murphy.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Fairies' Well."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—Agnes Herndon.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — "Shadows of a Great City."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A SUBSCRIBER," New York—Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, of this city, is a respectable business man, of the very highest standing, in this community. He is a loyal American citizen, and fought for his adopted country throughout the Civil War. He is also a thorough Irish Nationalist. Mr. Fitzpatrick's place of business is No. 134 Twenty-second street, this city.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

WHY IS THE "NEWS" SORE?

The Chicago *Daily News* is mad because the great meeting held in honor of Robert Emmet at Central Music Hall, on the night of March 4, indorsed THE CITIZEN. It is strange that the *News* should lose its temper over a matter of the kind, and stranger still that it should object to the Irish American element of this country having a paper like THE CITIZEN to champion it. Indeed, some such champion is badly needed in this city, which, owing to the bitterness of a majority of the daily press, is rapidly acquiring the reputation of being the most anti Irish and anti-Catholic place on the American continent. That is not a very pleasant reputation to acquire, and Chicago has a majority of her daily papers to thank for it. Yet it must be said, in justice, that a very large per centage of the bigot writers are not American in any sense. If the authors of the inveterate articles are hunted up, it will be found that some of them are Cork Tories, Ulster Orangemen or Canadian swashbucklers. They are the loyal servants of England, and frown upon any Irish-American newspaper, or society, that dares to maintain the principle of Irish nationality. Nevertheless, the Irish-American people will calmly pursue their own course, careless of the opinion of certain self sufficient editors.

THE CITIZEN is impersonally lectured by the *News* as to its duty in American matters. The *News* says that its own columns are devoted "to the affairs of this country." Then it makes a summary of what THE CITIZEN publishes, and finds fault with that. Certainly the Irish question is of some importance to humanity at large, and this country doesn't lose anything by taking some interest in it. What a nice figure America would have cut in history, if some people outside of the natives of her soil had not taken an interest in her fortunes at the period of the Revolution and throughout the Civil War! It is not characteristic of great nations to become ungrateful. France and Ireland did their full share in assisting the Colonies to independence, and Germany, Scandinavia and Ireland certainly did their part in preserving the Union of the States. Now that America is great, free and prosperous it would hardly become her to turn her back entirely on even the poorest of her friends in the period of her adversity.

It is mere stupid bullying on the part of certain of the daily papers to be eternally dinning into the ears of Irish-Americans that they must attend only to the affairs of this country. Who attend to said affairs more faithfully? But, naturally, the American Irish have a deep, vital interest in the freedom of their ancestral island. Why should they not? Who are taxed by their affections more heavily than they? How many millions have they sent home to pay the rent to the inhuman landlords from 1847 down to the present day? England, by her cruelty to Ireland, indirectly taxes America, and the American Irish stand all the taxation. Apart entirely from sentiment, which, after all, rules the world more or less, the American Irish have a practical interest in the liberation of Ireland. England taxed them at home, and still taxes them abroad. It is very easy for the American editor, or his Orange Canadian substitute, to sneer at Irish-American devotion to the cause of the mother country, but there is, as THE CITIZEN has shown, very excellent reason for that devotion.

It is undeniable that, for some reason, a tidal wave of bigotry is sweeping over this land. There is a mortal jealousy of Irish ability and energy in certain quarters. The old anti Catholic spirit, too, is reviving. Certain persons, who call themselves Americans and profess to be enlightened, claim that the Pope directs the Catholic vote in this country through the clergy. The fact is, as every person with any claim to intelligence ought to know, that no class of American citizens interfere so little in politics as the Catholic priesthood. On the contrary, many of the Protestant clergy have no hesitation in preaching politics right from the pulpit.

Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, would resent any interference with their citizen rights by the clergy. Can some American Protestants say as much? There are millions of liberal American Protestants, who do not hate Irishmen and Catholics, but, unfortunately, the bigots, although a minority, are active, noisy and aggressive. They leaven the mass, and hence there is a growth of ill feeling between races and sects that every good citizen must deplore. When American citizens fall so low as to take an oath of political exclusion against other American citizens, simply because they differ from them in creed or in race, there is something exceedingly rotten in this country. It is a scandalous state of affairs. No one can truthfully charge Irish Catholics with such conduct. Like all men, they have faults, but rank, cowardly Knownothingism—a thing of disgrace to the American name—is not among them. Every decent American must finally join with the so called foreign element at the polls to put down, as in 1855-6, the atrocious spirit of Knownothingism, which is a phase of Orangeism, in this republic. America, as far as her laws and institutions are concerned, belongs equally to all of us, no matter where we came from or at what altar we may kneel. Knownothingism, native or foreign, is a relic of barbarism and, eventually, must go.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB.

The 9th annual reception and banquet of the Irish-American club of this city will be given at the Auditorium, on the evening of St Patrick's Day, next Monday, March 17. All arrangements have been perfected, and it is confidently expected that the celebration will be the most successful ever organized by the club. The speeches will be reasonably limited, and dancing will begin at an early hour. Guests are requested to be in attendance as promptly as possible. The music will be furnished by the orchestra of Prof. Pound.

THE TALK OF CLONGOREY.

The present extraordinary condition of things in Ireland has produced many curious scenes. One of the strangest of these was the arrest recently of the parish priest of Clongorey while in the act of sawing a piece of timber for one of the huts of the evicted tenants of the estate. Fifteen others engaged in the same labor of love and charity were arrested at the same time. It was a work of vital importance to the hapless evicted who, homeless and miserable, were ill able to withstand the rigors of an exceptionally sickly and tempestuous season. But what to the fat watch-dogs of the law in Wexford, housed in comfort themselves, were the woes of the shelterless people? They had noted with approval a recent decision in the Dublin courts regarding the penalties incurred by all aiders of evicted tenants, and without delay they let loose upon the district eight car loads of police headed by the county inspector. Think of the pitiless February sky, the pitiless February winds whistling over sodden, doomed Clongorey, on the borders of the bog of Allen, the heart-broken people deprived of their last hope of shelter shrinking and huddling in the neighbors' doorways, the swarming troopers with drawn sabres and loaded carbines, figures in themselves of the merciless law, posted everywhere, the prison van with the brave parish priest and his other fellow workers driving away in the rain, closely guarded by the sullen dragoons! There is a picture to ponder over for Irishmen and Irishwomen in this free land.

No sooner was Father Kinsella and his fellow-prisoners sentenced and well on their way to Kilkenny jail than other volunteers took up the interrupted work. These, too, were arrested, and when the women and children in excitement gathered around them they were bludgeoned by the brutal police, making plenty of work for the doctors. The police, of course, escaped unhurt, but they made a great outcry because, tender creatures, they were "shoved about" by the mob—of women and children! The dragoons were equally active. In the neighboring town of Newbridge they guarded the place so well that a funeral procession was denied admission. Will it be believed that the people were obliged to turn back and wade across the river, several of the cars narrowly escaping an upset in the dangerous effort?

Here is the charge on which the heroic parish priest was sentenced to his two months' term of imprisonment:

"That the defendant on 21 Feb., 1890, did with others assemble on the premises of Mary Kelly, Clongorey, for the purpose and with the intention of proceeding with certain works, to wit, the enlargement of certain outhouses, the continuance of the said work having been prohibited by precept granted by the Hon. Wm. Forbes, R. M., dated 14th Feb., 1890, and there did assemble with others for the purpose of proceeding with the said work, in defiance and in contravention of the precept of the justice afore said, and that the defendant is a dangerous person, and that the acts of the defendant directly tend to cause a breach of the public peace, and to incite others to a violation of the law."

And in the meantime Penthony O'Kelly, the owner of the scarecrow "estate," a piece of the worst part of Ireland dropped down in the midst of Kildare, will enjoy himself in peace, the homeless people will shiver and sicken, and Vesey Fitzgerald, R. M., and the police will feel that everything has been done to vindicate the majesty of the law.

MRS. JAMES A. MULLIGAN.

Mrs. James A. Mulligan, widow of the late gallant colonel of the Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers, who died gloriously at the head of his command, in West Virginia, on July 24, 1864, will be succeeded as pension agent of this city, by Col. Isaac Clements, of Illinois, on or about April 1. Mrs. Mulligan has held the office of pension agent during four and a half years, and her career while in office has been signalized by an energy, accuracy and ability rarely equalled, and never surpassed, in official life. Col. Clements, although a man of recognized merit in public affairs, will succeed to an office which has been conducted by Mrs. Mulligan in a manner so acceptable that even the very ablest of successors can hope for nothing better than to come up to the measure of her merit. Mrs. Mulligan's removal is, of course, purely political. It is the fortune of war, and, like her heroic husband, she can stand, with Spartan firmness, any change of fortune. She has been a faithful spouse and a noble mother. Deprived of a model husband, a chevalier without fear and without reproach, in the very summer of her loveliness, and left with three helpless children to claim her maternal care, she nobly fought the battle of existence and proved herself worthy of the hero, whose death, glorious though it was, cast the shadow of hopeless mourning over her life. Col. Mulligan was one of the few commanders of regiments from this State who fell at the head of their troops. Col. Timothy O'Meara, of the Ninetieth Illinois, who was killed at Missionary Ridge, was another noble example of Irish American valor and patriotism.

We mourn them, not because they died
In battle; for our destined race
In many a field of warlike pride,
From Limerick's wall to Ganges' tide,
Has borne our flag to foremost place.
Their widows? Tell not them of pride—
No laurel checks the orphan's tear—
They only know the world is wide,
And hard and cold, no husband near
Or father's arm to guide.

The admiration of her fellow citizens, of all parties, and the heartfelt respect of the veterans, and the heirs of the fallen brave, will follow Mrs. Mulligan into her honorable retirement.

A Correction.

[*To the Editor.*]

RICHMOND, Va., March 10, 1890.—Your editorial relative to St. Patrick's Day in Richmond is erroneous as to facts, and is calculated to convey very wrong impressions. Instead of the celebration being under the auspices of the Richmond branch of the Irish National League, it is really under the auspices of a committee from a convention of delegates from all the Irish and Irish Catholic societies of the city, ten or twelve in number. Again, instead of the Richmond branch of the National League being one of the most flourishing, etc., etc., the William O'Brien branch, E. P. Murphy, president, is even larger and perhaps more flourishing than Richmond branch.

The editorial was based upon a former letter from me, but I am sure that I am not to blame for the error—the writer shot wide of the mark. In justice to all parties I ask you to let the foregoing appear in your next issue. JAMES L. CAPSTON,
President Richmond Branch.

[The editorial paragraph was based on other information than that of Mr. Capston.—ED]

Knights of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick's Day will be appropriately celebrated by the Knights of St. Patrick at Martine's West Side hall, it being the occasion of their annual reception. John F. Finerty has consented to address them briefly during the evening. The committee, consisting of Messrs. John Tobin, John Shannon, P. J. Kennedy, and J. H. Carmody, have completed all arrangements for the comfort of their guests on the occasion. An enjoyable time may be looked forward to by all who attend.

Hibernian Rifles' Ball.

Company C, of the Hibernian Rifles, will give a grand military reception and ball at the North Side Turner Hall, next Monday evening, March 17, St. Patrick's Day. The music for the occasion will be furnished by Fiddern & Bolger's splendid orchestra. A very pleasant time is anticipated.

A LADY'S LETTER.

Eleanor Kirk, Assuming the Privilege of Her Sex, Writes Her Mind Freely.

"The Citizen" Does Not Agree With All She Says, but She Says It Well.

[THE CITIZEN does not assume responsibility for the opinions of its correspondents.]

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 10.—I am in receipt of a letter from a Presbyterian minister that ought to make every particular hair upon my wicked head "stand up like quills," etc. I am truly sorry that he thinks me such an offender, and I hope he will be equally sorry to know that I consider him a bigot and a very impertinent person. Listen to what he says. "A woman wielding public influence, unpossessed of a creed, will be sure to fall by the way." What does this self-appointed critic, this so-called man of God mean by this remark? And again, "What right have you, a worldling and entirely ignorant of theology and all Biblical teaching to protest against infant damnation, and endeavor to lure souls to destruction?"

There is more of this stuff, but I have no space for further extracts. How does this man know that I have had no Biblical teaching? He is correct in regard to my ignorance of theology, and I am pleased to say that my ignorance is certainly my bliss. The trouble with this Presbyterian defender of infant damnation and other wicked and altogether abominable doctrines is that he is a theologian instead of a Christian. I have never yet located my God, nor have I ever attributed to him qualities that would disgrace the meanest of His creatures. The wretch has never yet, nor never will, be born who would doom an innocent baby to an eternal hell fire. But the world moves. The old cast iron creed is going to be made over, and my ranting bigot will be obliged to step into line. Indeed the world does move. The public sentiment which has been for years working up, has now made it felt so practically in Utah that Mormonism has at last received its death blow. The dying hours will be protracted, and there will be a great deal of kicking and convulsing, but the deed is done and the fair Utah will ere long be cleared of its pollution, and bud and blossom like the rose. A Democratic politician informed me yesterday that this triumph of principle was due entirely to the careful and determined efforts of Grover Cleveland during his Presidential administration. "He put the fagots under the pot," said my enthusiast, "and started it to simmer, and now they have got it right in the neck." This sounded forcible, although as a simile, it is certainly a rhetorical failure. Whether the Mormons got the pot in the neck or the fagots in the neck, or the contents of the pot, or Grover Cleveland's fist in the neck, I am unable to say. But all of us who wish to see decent institutions prevail in a decent country will be glad that the Mormons "have got it in the neck," whether from a fist with a heart behind it or a boiling pot.

"It is a painful thought," writes a puzzled housekeeper, "that so much food is wasted. If just enough and and no more could each time be cooked, it would be such an advantage." My correspondent is right, but as that cannot always be done, the next best thing is to make a still more appetizing morsel than the first dish, out of its remnants.

This is one gain in using Grits. There is no other cereal than can be turned to such a variety of uses when cold. So many dainty and delicious things can be made out of the cold Grits that it is inexcusable to throw away the smallest quantity. Suppose you have only a cupful. Well, work into it about half a cup of sifted flour, with a half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Shape into little cakes, or cones, dipping each into beaten egg—one egg will be enough for the whole quantity, and fry them in hot fat, cook very brown. Sugar and butter or maple syrup makes a pleasant sauce.

The instant my eyes rested upon the new India silk—domestic—for tea gown and reception dresses, I knew it would be exceedingly popular, and the extraordinary demand for these light, tasteful, and truly elegant goods has proved that I fully understand the taste of my own sex. This fabric is as cheap as calico and as lovely as silk.

From every quarter comes appreciation and gratitude for my recommendation of the Glycerine Suppositories prepared by Parke, Davis & Co. My readers can rely upon me to the following extent: I never speak of anything that I do not know all about, and that is not more than worthy of the good things I say about it. I started out with the intention of helping my sisters in every possible way, and this I am trying to do with all my might. If the "brethren" get any assistance, either directly or indirectly, from this work—and several have kindly hinted as much—they are as welcome as the flowers in May. Let me impress this upon the minds of my friends. Health is impossible where constipation rules the body. Again, cathartic medicines will never cure this condition. In fact such doses only destroy the digestive machinery and inflame the mucous membrane. The glycerine suppositories are entirely unmedicated and simply assist nature in the benignest manner to do her work. One lady writes me that since following my advice she feels as if she had been born again, and a gentleman writes from Omaha that he is more obliged to me than any words can ever hope to express. Send the good news round, my friends, and in this way get even.

I am requested to tell something about the Silver Bell banjo, where instruction can be obtained, and if it is considered proper for girls to learn to play this instrument, I will answer the last question first. It is proper for girls to do anything that they can do well. I am acquainted with some excellent banjo players among my own sex. Mr. Henry C. Dobson is the favorite instructor of the "Four Hundred," and many of the pupils in this Ward M'Allister circle are young ladies.

The silver bell banjo is certainly a charming instrument, and was perfected by Henry C. Dobson, the oldest of the Dobson family—a family which for thirty years have been engaged in the invention and improvement of these unique instruments. Mr. Dobson's banjo took the prize at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The best banjo instruction book in the world is the work of Mr. Henry C. Dobson. This book contains, among other exquisite compositions, the "Matchless Banjo Waltz" and the variations of "Home, Sweet Home," composed by Mr. Dobson's son, George C Dobson. Many who cannot avail themselves of personal instruction make rapid headway by the use of this volume, which is simplicity itself. Unlike the piano, the banjo is not an aggressive instrument in the hands of the student. It can be taken to any room in the house, and need not vex the ears of the family. Then to play the banjo well is considered a great accomplishment in these days. What sweeter accompaniment can there be for the old plantation melodies, and what instrument can so easily stir up the dancing desire in both old and young? One of my greatest treats is to sit an hour or so occasionally by a neighbor's fire on the hearth and hear the daughter of the house make music from a silver bell banjo. My girl friends need not be worried about the propriety of learning to play this instrument.

ELEANOR KIRK.

John Mandeville.

The following circular has just been issued:

CHICAGO, Feb. 11, '90.—*Dear Sir:* "John Mandeville was the very ideal of a brave soldier for Ireland, and he died for Ireland in as true a sense as if he had fallen in battle. His sufferings were the certain means of saving a thousand Irish homes from the crowbar; and the tortures he endured with such fortitude in prison were the means of revealing to the world the prison system by which Balfour strove to debase his political opponents to the level of criminals. Let us all combine and make the memorial to Mandeville and the three men shot down in their native town an historical embodiment of the watchword—'Remember Mitchelstown.'"

Thus writes William O'Brien of one to honor whose memory the exiles of Erin scattered through the nations are joining hands in an effort to bring to a successful issue the movement inaugurated in Mitchelstown, Ireland, for the purpose of erecting a monument to as brave and noble a man as ever lived or died for Ireland.

At a meeting held at Fitzgerald's hall on the 9th inst, it was decided to call a general meeting at the same place on Sunday, March 16, at 3 o'clock. Your assistance in this laudable movement is confidently counted on, and your presence at Sunday's meeting respectfully requested.

E. M. LAHIFF, Chairman.
M. J. ENGLISH, Sec'y.
Committee: Thomas Fitzgerald, John L. Quan, John O'Sullivan, T. J. Lane, J. Kennefic, and E. Kelly.

THE OLD CREED.

Mr. James W. Moore Complimente Thomas Brennan.

[*To the Editor.*]

The chairman of the Emmet anniversary celebration, Hon. M. P. Brady, declared that the great meeting which he presided over at Central Music hall was destined to be memorable. I sincerely join with Mr. Brady in wishing that it may be memorable and conducive to the praising of a high standard of Irish national action and sentiment. The orator of the evening, Mr. Thomas Brennan, a very young man, was appointed secretary of the famous Land League. He was the youngest of all the young men prominently connected with the organization, and he was, too, its ablest and most eloquent official. Although very calm councils prevail in Ireland now, the Nationalists there remember with respect and love the brilliant Land League secretary whose soul-stirring speeches thrilled the hearts of the people. I had the privilege of congratulating Mr. Brennan at the Grand Pacific hotel after the close of the meeting, and I would wish through your columns to congratulate him again on his consistency. He has not changed but stands firmly by the immortal principles that he defended in the face of calumny and danger at a time when he was a man most hated and feared by England, and for the advocacy of which he was driven away from the land that he adores. It is considered unfashionable now to speak at an Irish gathering from an Irish standpoint only. The "Grand Old Man" and several other persons supposed to be in sympathy with us, will, we are told, set things all right in Ireland soon. Some little English messenger of peace in the shape of a dove is expected to bring from London to Dublin a diminutive so called "Home Rule" machine. This tiny machine will bear the Gladstone patent, and its trade mark, the lion and unicorn, will have in large letters beneath it, Mr. Gladstone's watch word, "The Integrity of the Empire." Efforts that should be directed to tearing and smashing asunder the English garrison are now mainly employed in an attempt to convince the English people that something is wrong in Ireland. And, by the way, is not this work proceeding at a slow pace? If this work of conversion does not move on swiftly Ireland will be owned by degenerate Scotchmen and Orangemen before England opens her eyes to the fact the officials in Ireland are infamous criminals and deserve to be hunted like wild beasts from the country cursed by their presence. Mr. Brennan deserves a vote of thanks from every Irish Nationalist for his dignified and noble declarations. He does not believe that Irishmen should allow themselves to be trampled on and barter their national honor for the sake of winning some miserable concession. The thunderous applause that greeted Mr. Brennan when he declared that the principles of Tone and Emmet were the principles of the Irish race to day, must have convinced him that the Irish Nationalists of Chicago will not sell their national birthright or make any compromise with the murderous enemies of their race. Irish Nationalists—Irish extremists—and they are the real live Irish Nationalists, are in line with Mr. Brennan and cherish dearer than anything else the memory of the heroes who—

Rose in dark and evil days
To right their nation's land,
And kindled there a living blaze
That nothing can withstand.

Gratitude is due to the brave men at home who are trying to alleviate the people's sufferings. But how can we regard with much admiration the leaders who, to Ireland's detriment, have become too statesmanlike; and how can we repose much confidence in patriots who have turned prophets and pacificators, and who proclaim that Ireland is not worthy of a separate national existence? But Irish nationalists will remain faithful to the principles and teachings of their heroes and martyrs, and never rest content while one foreign hireling remains in the land of their hearts' fondest love. Mr. Gladstone declared a few days ago that the idea of Irish separation was dead. Dr. Gladstone treated Ireland for a long time for a disease with which he now admits she was not afflicted, and may not the venerable old gentleman be wrong this time? Until Mr Gladstone discovered that there was a certain force and energy in his patient he did not change her medicine. Within the memory of men still young Mr. Gladstone prescribed for his patient doses of coercion, intimidation, tyranny, slander, abuse, and buckshot. No, Mr. Gladstone, the idea of separation is not dead; and, come what may, Irish Nationalists will plot and conspire until they have driven for ever from their land that infamous government that they hate with a hate that is divine.

JAMES W. MOORE.

Chicago, March 11 1890.

A. O. H. Notes.

Mr. Edward Spellman, State delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of Illinois, and other eloquent speakers will address the Order of Cook county at the entertainment to be held in Curran's hall, Fourteenth street and Blue Island avenue, Monday evening, March 17, 1890. The speaking will be followed by songs and recitations by ladies and gentlemen of local fame.

The A. O. H. of Cook county heartily thank the generous people who have aided them to liquidate the debt of the Widows' and Orphans' fund.

OBITUARY.

MRS DELIA HOGAN

Died, at her residence, No. 1086 Harrison street, on Thursday, March 6, of pneumonia, Mrs. Delia Hogan, beloved wife of Hon. M. W. Hogan and mother of Thomas S. Hogan, of the law firm of Case, Hudd & Hogan. Deceased came to Chicago with her father, the late Dr. Walsh, of Buttevant, county Cork, when Chicago was but a small city. Here she spent her youth and here she assumed the duties of the married state. Some twenty-five years ago the family moved to St Louis, where Mr. Hogan filled several offices of a very prominent character. Since 1884 she with her husband and family again resided in this city, and here at the home of her youth she breathed her last. Her illness was but of brief duration, and at first it was hoped that it would not prove fatal. She had, however, from its beginning to the close the patience, resignation and hope that a Christian preparation bestows, comforted by the rites of the Catholic church, she bore her illness as do those who ceaselessly seek God's will in the loving words:

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God to Thee I leave the rest,
Thy will be done.

In this calm spirit she passed away; her children's hands clasped in hers, the companion of her joys and sorrows at her side, she died as night came on, the last glance of the mother's eyes fell on those she loved; her last breath blessed them and then there came upon her the wondrous peace that passeth all understanding. May she rest in that holy peace, and may eternal light shine upon her. R. K.

COL. MICHAEL LYNCH

Col. Michael Lynch, father of Mr. Edward Lynch, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, died last Sunday morning at his residence, No. 62 Milton avenue, after a protracted illness. Deceased was a native of Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country about thirty years ago, all of which time he has resided within the immediate vicinity of his late residence. The funeral occurred Tuesday morning from the above number, to the Holy Name church, where the beautiful mass for the dead was chanted by the Rev. Father Mooney and a selected choir. At the conclusion of the services at the church the remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred amid every manifestation of respect and sympathy. Among the many beautiful floral offerings, the most conspicuous were a pillow and cross, contributed by the employes of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The Garden City Rifles

want more young men to join their organization, which is independent. A military education and a good time certain. For particulars address Capt. H. M White, Carriers' Department, Chicago Postoffice.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

A FATAL KICK.

A farmer named Reilly, who was kicked on the head by a horse mounted by one of a detachment of Scotch Grays, on Feb. 19, the Fair day of Dundalk, died on that night in the Louth hospital. The deceased was driving a bullock to the fair, when he was met by a mounted party of the Scotch Greys and the bullock getting in among the horses, the poor man followed to drive it out, and received a fatal kick from one of the prancing steeds.

KILLED.

An army pensioner named Gaffney was killed on the railway line near Bagnalstown, by the night mail train, on Feb. 18

HIGH SHERIFF.

Mr. Lawrence P. Reynolds, J P., Dalystown House, has been sworn in as high sheriff and Thomas Gill, Lismore House, as under sheriff of the county of Longford.

TO SIT WITH THE LORDS.

Baron Kilmaine has been elected as representative peer, to sit in the house of lords, in room of Viscount Templeton, deceased.

DEATHS.

Mr. Patrick Grace died at his residence, Gaulstown, Kilkenny, on Feb 23, after a brief illness, at the age of 77 years.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Timothy Hennessy, P. P. of Tullaroan, which took place on Feb. 17. The deceased priest was 78 years of age.

A traveling mendicant named Laurence Gallagher, who was known commonly as "Pockets of Straw," was found dead in a barn at Tullagher, county Wexford.

Miss Mary K Kenny died on the 13.h ult. at her residence in Enniscorthy.

PRIMROSES IN FULL BLOOM.

In proof of the mildness of the season in Wexford, in the vicinity of Bannow tufts of primroses in full bloom have been seen in the middle of February; also violets of the most delicate odor, growing wild. Some early potatoes and cabbages have been planted.

HABEAS CORPUS.

In the court of exchequer, Dublin, a conditional order for a writ of habeas corpus has been issued against Rev. Mr. Cotton, a "bird's nest" proselytizing minister, ordering him to give up the custody of three children belonging to Mrs. Sarah Bolton, placed in his so called orphanage, at Carragh. A consent, signed by the father, to the mother's application, was produced in court; so that the term "orphans" as applied was evidently a misnomer.

RELEASED FROM JAIL.

Mr. John Dromgoole, the principal tenant on the Massereene estate, and Mr. Tiernan were released from Dundalk jail after putting in six months on a charge of intimidating "plants" on the Massereene estate.

FELL IN A BOG HOLE.

Recently a man named Gleason, residing near Mountrath, had been to Tullamore, on a visit to his daughter, and having traveled by the evening train to Mountrath station, was walking home along the railway, when he lost his way and turned off the railway too soon, in mistake of the track to his house, which lay across the Cuddagh Bog. No trace could be found of him until three days afterwards, when he was found face downwards in a bog hole into which he had fallen. He was employed as milleman on the Great Southern & Western Railway. He leaves a wife and family.

BACON CURING.

A company is being projected in Drogheda for the formation of a bacon curing establishment. The district round is famed for rearing excellent pigs, which command a ready sale in England. Forty years ago a Mr. Dickson, of Belfast, had an establishment of the kind there.

POSTPONED.

The action brought by the son of the murdered man, John Kinsella, against Capt. Hamilton, the agent of the Brooke estate, came on for hearing before Judge O Brien, in Dublin, recently. When the case was called, it appeared that two of the principal actors in the seizure—Freeman and McCabe—were absent, the former being said to be sick, and the whereabouts of the latter unknown. This state of things obliged the counsel for plaintiff to ask for a continuance. The further hearing of the case will come on in a month or six weeks.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

On Feb. 7 an inquest was held at Tinsereana, about three miles from New Ross, on the body of a boy named Moran, aged 15 years, son of James Moran, who died on the previous Saturday, from injuries received the day before, by being kicked by a horse. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

MR. BIGGAR'S WILL.

The following particulars supplied on authority, as to the will of the late Joseph G. Biggar, M. P, will be read with great interest:

The executors and trustees are, as stated before in the press, Messrs P. J. Power, M.P., and R Power, M P. After leaving several legacies to relatives and to some of his old servants, the testator bequeaths the bulk of his property to his trustees to hold in trust for his son, Joseph Biggar, subject to certain specified contingencies as to the real and personal estate to which he was entitled under the will of the late Samuel Ferguson, of Butlerstown Castle, on the death of Mr. Thomas Gillis. After having a legacy of £2 000 to his sister, Mrs Grace, of Dublin, he bequeaths to his trustees £3 000, the income thereof to be paid to Margaret Biggar during her life, and the remainder to be held in trust for his son, subject to certain contingencies mentioned in the will. If the contingencies mentioned should happen Butlerstown Castle is left for the use of the Roman Catholic priest or priests, who should officiate in the Catholic church of Butlerstown; and subject to the contingencies he leaves a sum of £1 000 to St. Patrick's College, Cavan, a sum of £1 000 to the Sisters of Mercy, Loughres, a sum of £1 000 to the Sisters of Mercy, Belfast, and in the event of the aforementioned contingencies the income of the residue after payment of these sums is to be paid to testator's sister, Isabella Grace, during her life, and thereafter, as she shall by deed or will appoint, and in default of such appointment to the children of the said Isabella Grace.

MUNSTER.

TIMELY ASSISTANCE.

About 6 o'clock on the evening of Feb. 24 a thatched house occupied by a man named Kelleher, situated on Convent street, Listowel, was burned to the ground, and were it not for the timely assistance of some members of the constabulary and the inhabitants of the street the whole range of houses would probably have been reduced to ashes.

DEATHS.

The Earl of Shannon died recently at his residence, Castlemartyr.

Arthur Russell, of the firm of Russell & Sons, Limerick, died recently at his residence, Leamonfield, aged 80 years.

Mr. G. N. Harvey, of the firm of G. N. Harvey & Sons, shipping agents, Queenstown, died suddenly at his residence in Queenstown.

On Feb. 27 a very strange fatality occurred. Two cousins, a man and woman, named Hegarty, died very suddenly. The former, residing in the parish of Ardfield, was found dead in his bed, and in Clonakilty the latter under similar circumstances. Both were middle aged and unmarried.

SHADOWED BY POLICEMEN.

Recently at Ballyduff, West Waterford, the espionage on Father Cremins was revived. At the keyhole of the sacristy, just before last mass, he found a policeman playing the eavesdropper. Four or five of these fellows watched the sacristy door, and marched round the chapel during mass. After mass some shadowing was attempted on Messrs. O'Brien, Keane, and Cunningham, but the conversation being turned on the spies they soon desisted. It became necessary for Father Cremins, soon after mass, to go the chapel to give baptism to a child. There were then present only Mr. Cunningham, who is assistant honorary secretary to the chapel committee, and Mr. O'Brien, and the father, nurse, and sponsors. The officious sergeant, Bouchier, thrust his offensive presence between Father Cremins and his sacred duties, and once more peered in through the sacristy window, asking if "a National League meeting was being held, and what Cunningham was doing there." Father Cremins told this fellow that he would do his duty in spite of the police or Balfour. This officious and "intelligent" officer then wanted to know if Cunningham or Keane were to stand for the child. "Come and see," said Mr. Cunningham, "as it seems to be part of your duty." The police took their stand outside the windows, and continued to watch Father Cremins administer the sacrament of baptism. When leaving the chapel yard the manner and tone of this peeler was superlatively offensive.

CHARGED WITH INTIMIDATION.

At Limerick, on Feb. 21, Mr John Mc Enery was again brought up before Messrs. Hodd and Rolleston charged with intimidation by the publication in his paper of a report of a branch of the National League, which had reference to two men named Ryan and Rafferty. As he had been arrested on the previous day, Mr. McEnery's solicitor applied for an adjournment, which was granted.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The members of the Tallow branch of the National League recently elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Father Walsh; vice president, I. G. Barry; treasurer, P. F. Walsh; honorary secretary, W. F Devine; committee, Messrs. Walsh and Kinity for the town; Clancy, White and Colbert for the north side of the parish, O'Brien and Malone for the east side, and O'Brien, Walsh and Cuffe for the south side.

ARRESTED FOR PERJURY.

Margaret Twomey, of Castleisland, has been returned for trial on a charge of perjury, she having sworn that John, Patrick and Thade Foley attacked her dwelling, and when the trial come on swore they were not the men who committed the deed.

THE SMITH-BARRY STRUGGLE.

A Tipperary correspondent says: Following fast on the resignation of Mr. Archer Kennedy, Jr., general manager, Cluen House, Ballinacrie, near Cassel, comes the intelligence of the withdrawal of Mr. Kennedy, Cluen House, Bansha, general steward to Mr. Smith Barry on his Tipperary property. A Scotchman has been requisitioned to take up the position of steward, but it appears up to the present no response has been forthcoming. Almost all the estate employes here have left, although they are, it is said, enticed to remain at extraordinary wages. Mr. Kennedy's situation was worth £300 a year, but he would not consent to buy stock to graze the evicted farms. There is a number of estate spies out constantly walking through the town, all of whom have revolvers.

DEMAND BETTER PAY AND A REDUCTION OF HOURS.

The Limerick dock laborers have demanded a reform of wages and hours, to commence on Saturday next. The men were hitherto in receipt of 5s a day, while the working hours were from 6 to 6, and allowances for meal times. The men now require an increase of a shilling a day to the quay hands, and an all round reduction of the working hours by an hour a day. It is stated that the demands will be acceded to.

REFUSED TO PAY EXTRA PEELERS.

At the presentment sessions for the Barony of Decies without Drum and the county at large, held at Dungarvan recently, there was an application on the sheet for £480 11s 2d "for extra police." James McGrath, Affane, resisted the passing of the account, and asked the following questions: What is the use of extra police force in this county when the county court judge has been presented with three pairs of white gloves, one in Waterford, one in Dungarvan, and the other in Lismore? Why, this is the most peaceable county in Ireland. What are the police doing for this money? Why, there were cattle stolen near my place some time ago and the robbers have not yet been arrested. I move that it be rejected—and it was.

SUMMONSES ISSUED.

Forty more summonses for possession of their holdings have just been served on Ponsonby tenants in Youghal petty sessions district. The copies have been posted up at Youghal court house.

ELECTING A SOLICITOR.

The Kildysart board of guardians have appointed Mr. T. Lynch, solicitor, Ennis, to the position of legal adviser to the board. The appointment has given general satisfaction to the Nationalists of Clare.

BEFORE A COERCION COURT.

On Feb. 26 Mr. John Kelly, National League, and Mr. Michael Dwyer, Cloncurry, were tried before a coercion court in Cashel. Messrs. Meldon, R M., and Col. Waring, R M., presiding. Sergt. O'Connor deposed that he saw the defendant Dwyer on a car, Jan. 4, driving from Tauriesbeg. There was a third person on the car who, he was told, was a reporter for the *Freeman's Journal*. He saw them go to a number of tenants' houses, which they entered and closed the doors behind them. He saw them visit the house of Mrs. Kelly. When they were near the gate he heard Mrs. Connell call out, "Woe! woe! they killed us before and they are going to kill us again!" (Laughter) The witness' examination had not concluded when the court was adjourned until the 26th of March.

DECLARED ELECTED.

The high sheriff, Mr. W. H. Woodroffe, Ballyseggartmore, Lismore, attended at the court house, Dungarvan, Feb. 24, for the purpose of receiving nominations for West Waterford. There was no opposition to the Nationalist candidate, Mr A. Webb, Rathmines, Dublin, and about 2 o'clock Mr. Webb was declared elected.

CONNAUGHT.

AN EMERGENCYMAN FINED.

At the Woodford petty sessions, held on Feb. 24, Mr. Hickson, R. M., Loughres, presiding, and a local justice of the peace, Mr. John Kennedy Burke, also occupying a seat on the bench, an emergencyman named McKeever, who is employed on the Clanricarde estate, was summoned by Constable Sheehan for being drunk at Woodford on Feb. 14, while having a loaded revolver in his possession. The constable stated that when arrested McKeever threatened to shoot him. The emergencyman was fined £3 and 2s costs which he handed to the petty sessions clerk.

COERCION PROCLAMATIONS.

Proclamations, dated Feb. 27, were published in the Dublin *Gazette*, "prohibiting and suppressing" the National League in the parish of Kilmovee, county Mayo, and in the parishes of "St. Patrickscrock, Hore Abbey, Brickendown, Ballysheehan, and Erry, and that portion of the parish of St. John Baptist in the barony of Middlethin and county of Tipperary."

BOYLE GUARDIANS.

At the meeting of the Boyle guardians, held on Feb. 23, Dr. Patrick White was elected physician for the workhouse and dispensary by a large majority.

RECENT DEATHS.

The announcement of the demise of the Rev. Thomas Timlin, P. P., of Ballysakeery, Ballina, will awaken feelings of keen regret in the wide circle of those who knew the venerable clergyman.

On the 13 h ult. a schoolmaster named Martin Manning was found dead on a mountain side on the borders of county Clare, within a few miles of Woodford. He had been missing from home since the 23 i of January, when he was last seen in Mountshannon, and it is supposed that, during the very severe weather which then prevailed, he lost his way, and perished from exposure to the cold in the place where his body was found.

On Feb. 19 Michael McHugh, Newantrim street, Castlebar, died after a brief illness, at the age of 77 years.

APPOINTMENT.

The Protestant primate has appointed Rev. J. O'Sullivan, archdeacon of Tuam, to be commissary of the united diocese of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry during the vacancy of the See.

ERECTION OF A MONASTERY.

Father Lyons has commenced the erection of the monastery at Castlebar. Mr. Munnely, a most excellent man, directs the work.

THE BALLINA RACES.

Preliminary steps have been taken to call a meeting in furtherance of the Ballina races, which are likely to come off as usual in April.

ULSTER.

NEGLECTED HIS CHILDREN.

On Feb. 20, at Newtownstewart petty sessions, a farmer named Aiken was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for the brutally neglected condition of his five unfortunate children.

THE CARRICKMACROSS PROSECUTIONS.

The first stage in the Carrickmacross prosecutions is over, and four of the defendants—Messrs, James Daly, James McCaffrey, John Martin, and James Ward—have been returned for trial to the next assizes. It is a question of interest now whether the prosecution will fulfil the intention with which the correspondent of the *Standard* has credited them, and send the defendants not for trial but condemnation before a Belfast jury.

DEATH OF FATHER WARD.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. John Ward, C.C, Clones, which occurred on Sunday, Feb 16.

SILVER JUBILEE.

The episcopal silver jubilee of the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, bishop of Clogher, took place on the 26 h ult.

WILL ERECT A NEW CITY HALL.

The result was announced on Feb 20 of a plebiscite of the citizens of Belfast, regarding the proposed promotion of a bill for the purchase of the White Linen Hall grounds at £30,000, and the erection thereon of a city hall at a cost of £250,000 The vote was instituted under the Borough Funds act. The figures declared by the mayor were as follows: For the bill, 14 949; against, 4 080; leaving a majority of 10 369 There were 3 685 papers rejected, and 4 791 papers returned blank. The total voters on the burgess roll number 30,488, of whom 27 685 sent in papers.

ACCIDENT.

Francis Kirkpatrick, of Brookborough, an assistant in Mr. Hall's hardware store, Clones, was accidentally shot dead by Mr. Samuel Clarke, Clones, who was purchasing a revolver.

A New Home Treatment.

To those of our readers who are troubled with catarrh in any of its various stages, we unhesitatingly recommend the remedy of Prof. Lawrence, advertised in another column. The fact that this advertisement is given such prominence in our columns is sufficient endorsement of our confidence in the merits of his remedy, and his wondrous success in curing thousands of cases of long standing has established for him an enviable reputation.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE Inman line's ocean greyhound "City of Paris" arrived at New York Wednesday evening, and will sail again for Liverpool and Queenstown. It is expected the "City of Paris," which now holds the record as the fastest steamer on the Atlantic, will make still quicker time this year.

We Caution All Against Them.

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head—has induced many adventurers to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market, in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. Many in your immediate locality will testify in highest commendation of it. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

I sell on small weekly payments or for cash

DIAMONDS, Watches, Fine Jewelry & Silverware

of all descriptions. You have use of the goods while paying for them. OPEN BOTH DAY AND EVENING.

D. O'DONOVAN ROSSA,

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THE ORIGINAL INSTALLMENT JEWELER.

Store Next Door to Haymarket Theatre,

169 W. Madison St.,

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N. B.—Watches and Jewelry Repaired. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

A GRAND MILITARY

RECEPTION

AND

BALL

WILL BE GIVEN BY

CO. "C"

Hibernian Rifles,

AT

NORTH SIDE TURNER HALL,

MONDAY, MARCH 17,

(ST. PATRICK'S DAY)

MUSIC BY FEDDERN & BOLGER.

IRISH DILISK.

This splendid natural cure for the very worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney disease, freshly imported from Ireland, is for sale by DUFFY BROTHERS, General Western Agents and Importers No. 314 Blue Island avenue, Chicago Price 25 cents per pound, with large reductions to liberal consumers. Country orders for 5 pounds and upwards only will be filled.

Catarrh Cured,

ONE CENT!

Do you take cold easily? Have you a cold in the head that does not get better? Is your throat affected? Are you troubled with a hacking cough? Do you have fits of sneezing until you think your head will fly off? Are the passages of the nose stopped up? Do you experience difficulty in breathing? Are you constantly hawking and trying to get up lumps of matter that form in your throat? Have you a pain above and between the eyes? Is there a secretion of mucous or lumps of matter in the nasal passages which must be either blown from the nose or drawn back behind the palate or hawked or snuffed backward to the throat? Can you hear noises in your head? If you have any of these symptoms you have CATARRH.

The long continued corruption of the air that is breathed passing over the foul matter in the nasal passages poisons the lungs and the blood. The vile matter that is swallowed during sleep passes into the stomach, prevents digestion, vitiates the secretions, and poisons the fountains of life. The patient becomes feverish; drooping of spirits; there is no desire to eat; the head becomes cloudy and life becomes a burden.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM CATARRH, or any of its symptoms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of certain cure before it is too late.

This you can easily do, at an expense of ONE CENT for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 80 Warren St., New York City, who will send you FREE by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the BEST AND SUREST REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED FOR CURING CATARRH in all its various stages.

Over ONE MILLION cases of this dreadful disgusting and oftentimes fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine.

WRITE TO DAY for this FREE recipe. DO NOT DELAY longer if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address

Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 80 Warren St., New York.

WILL BE PUBLISHED,

On or About April 7th Next,

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC,

OR THE

CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX,"

BY JOHN F. FINERTY,

War Correspondent for the "Chicago Times" on the Indian Frontier.

The book will comprise two parts in one octavo volume of over 450 pages, with Map and Illustrations. It will be issued in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $3 per volume. The book will contain the most exciting narratives of the Great Indian Wars of 1876 and 1879 ever published, and will be a valuable memento of American valor and endurance, and of Indian ferocity and prowess, in every household. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST, CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable. The volume will be brought out in the very best style by the printers and binders, Messrs Donohue, Henneberry & Co., of this city.

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2-lb Can Corn for	6 Cents
3-lb Can Marrowfat Peas for	10 Cents
Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl	$4.78
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl	$4.98
Best St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl	$4.18

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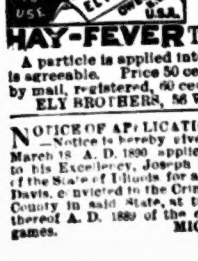
CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PARDON.—Notice is hereby given that on or after March 18 A. D. 1890 application will be made to his Excellency, Joseph W. Fifer, Governor of the State of Illinois for a pardon for Michael Davis, convicted in the Criminal Court of Cook County in said State, at the November term thereof A. D. 1889 of the crime of confidence games. MICHAEL DAVIS.

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THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

The Rev. Thomas Baxter was a curate of the muscular, energetic type, which, fortunately for the church, is turned out not unfrequently by our universities and public schools. He was a big, broad shouldered young man, who, besides distinguishing himself greatly both on the river and in the cricket field, had taken a very respectable degree, for he was by no means afraid of hard work of any description. Such men often make capital parsons, and Tom was hardly less energetic in his parish work than he had been in very different spheres of action at Eaton and Oxford. But there were limits to Mr. Baxter's endurance; he liked an occasional holiday, and this was the only point upon which he and his vicar, the Rev. Septimus Straightway, were not entirely agreed.

The Rev. Septimus was an earnest man, and took a severe and gloomy view of the pleasures of life. He worked terribly hard in an East End parish; knew nothing and cared less about outdoor sports—or, in fact, about any form of amusement; and fully expected his curates to follow unhesitatingly in the extremely narrow and steep path up which he led them. Hence it came to pass that Mr. Straightway experienced considerable difficulty in finding curates after his own heart; the young men were continually leaving him for less arduous duties, and the vicar's opinion of human nature in general, and of the younger generation of curates in particular, steadily grew worse. In Tom Baxter, however, he really thought he possessed a treasure, and the danger of working a willing horse to death never so much as entered into his head.

Poor Tom did his very best to satisfy Mr. Straightway's requirements, for he really respected the man and valued immensely his good opinion, but, as has already been indicated, he could not help longing that his superior would enter a little more into his own harmless liking for occasional relief, and sympathize with his passion for rowing and all that was connected with athletics.

At the time I write of the cricket season was in full swing; but Tom's duties had not only prevented him from playing in a single match, but even from looking on at one for a few hours from the roof of the pavilion at Lord's. Moreover the university cricket match, in which he took an absorbing interest, was fast approaching, and he was sorely troubled by the dread that he might not be able to see it. This fear haunted him day and night; it worried him during his visiting and mission work, spoilt his rest and occasionally obtruded itself upon him in the pulpit. Even the absent minded Mr. Straightway at length noticed that his curate's mind was ill at ease, and one day he went so far as to inquire the cause. Tom stammered out something about being out of sorts, and ventured to hint that he thought a day's holiday would do him good.

"When I was your age, Mr. Baxter, I never wanted a holiday," replied the austere vicar; "but you are certainly not looking well. Let me see, today is the 24th of June. In about a fortnight I think I can arrange a day for you. Say the 12th of July."

"Can't it be managed a week sooner?" queried Tom, desperately, for the university match was fixed for the 4th.

"Quite impossible, I fear," said the vicar, decisively, for he was a terrible martinet with his curates. So, with a wave of his hand, he dismissed the subject, and Tom knew that further appeal was useless.

"It's rather too bad," grumbled Mr. Baxter, as he walked home to his humble lodgings. "But it is no use talking to him about cricket; he doesn't know a bat from a ball." And with a heavy heart he tried to resign himself to the inevitable.

But two days later a circumstance occurred which entirely routed Tom's virtuous resolutions. A letter arrived at the reverend gentleman's lodgings which was couched in the following terms:

HEATHCOTE HALL, LOAMSHIRE.

DEAREST TOM—We are actually coming to town! Only for two days, though; and we are going to Lord's to see the match. Uncle has got a drag there, block B. Of course I shall never forgive you if you don't come and see me; on Wednesday afternoon we go to Essex to stay with the Chilvertons, so this is our only chance of meeting. Do come; in terrible haste. Yours lovingly,

ALICE.

From the foregoing it may be gathered that Miss Alice Heathcote and Mr. Tom Baxter were on tolerably intimate terms. As a matter of fact they had been engaged for six months, during which time they had very rarely met. Baxter's people were well off, and he had a very rich uncle, among whose possessions was an excellent family living, destined in the future for Tom and his bride. But the uncle was a stern and conscientious gentleman, and he was determined, before he definitely agreed to give Tom the vacancy—when it occurred—to see what that young gentleman was made of. And this was why Baxter had been sent to help Mr. Straightway in the East End, why he worked so hard in the parish, and why he was so desperately anxious to stand high in his vicar's opinion.

When Tom read the letter his first impulse, unclerical though it may appear, was to use strong language. But he restrained himself and fell to thinking over the various means of escaping from his duties. A fresh appeal to Mr. Straightway he knew to be hopeless. That worthy ascetic did not only look upon cricket as a frivolous waste of time, but he was a strong advocate of the celibacy of the clergy. Moreover, by merely asking the question Tom might offend him, and this he certainly could not afford to do under the circumstances. There was nothing for it then but a pious fraud, and although Tom's conscience rebelled against the idea of deceiving his vicar, who trusted him implicitly, he could not make up his mind to disappoint Alice, or to deny himself the pleasure of seeing her. He might, under more favorable circumstances, have dined at her uncle's house in Portman square, but as luck would have it he had undertaken to conduct an evening class on both nights of her stay in town. So he wrote a very affectionate answer, promising that nothing short of an earthquake should prevent him from appearing at Lord's, and he at once set to work to arrange a plot for the deception of Mr. Straightway.

On the day before that on which he had promised to meet his intended Tom told his vicar that he was passing the night with a very old friend, who had just come home from India, in his rooms near Jermyn street. This, it must be said, was perfectly true, and of course Mr. Straightway could offer no valid objection, as Baxter had done all his work for the day. The next day, however, Tom slunk off to a telegraph office and in guilty haste dispatched a wire to the effect that he was suffering from a severe attack of lumbago, but would, if possible, return in the evening.

By 11 o'clock he was at Lord's. The mere sight of the ground was so welcome to him that he was determined to spend as much time there as he possibly could. He knew, of course, that he would be certain to meet any number of his old friends, and that the whole proceeding was extremely risky; but he consoled himself with the thought that, as Mr. Straightway rarely, if ever, went into society of any sort, he was not at all likely to hear anything about it. So he ensconced himself in the pavilion and awaited the beginning of the play with pleasurable impatience. The Heathcotes were all enthusiastic cricketers, and he counted on their appearance by 12 o'clock at the latest.

The match commenced in due course, but upon its varying fortunes it is not necessary to dwell. The Heathcotes also arrived, and Tom at once took up a position on the drag by the side of Miss Alice, the warmth of whose greeting speedily banished all fears and qualms of conscience from his breast. Nothing, in fact, could have been more perfect than Mr. Baxter's happiness up to the luncheon interval. His stentorian "well hit" or "well bowled" could be heard a hundred yards away; he clapped his hands, stamped and waved his hat like the veriest schoolboy, and meanwhile he was unremitting in his attention to the girl of his heart. Two o'clock struck. The bell rang for lunch, and the occupants of Mr. Heathcote's drag prepared for the substantial meal which forms so prominent a feature of the two great matches at Lord's. Tom by no means despised creature comforts. Mr. Straightway's curates were expected, at all events when with him and on duty, to follow their vicar's example in asceticism, so a good lunch was very acceptable to him. He had supplied Alice's wants, and was in the act of lifting to his mouth a piece of salmon, when suddenly he turned pale, his jaw fell, his eyes dilated, and the piece of salmon, accompanied by the fork, fell unheeded to the ground.

It was too true. Beside the very next drag, talking to a gentleman on the box seat, stood a tall, lean man, in clerical attire, whose figure was horribly familiar to the guilty curate. He could not be mistaken, it was Mr. Septimus Straightway, though what could have brought the reverend gentleman to Lord's was beyond Tom's imagination. The vicar had his back turned, and evidently did not suspect his curate's proximity. Instant flight was the only hope.

"Good gracious, Tom!" cried Miss Alice, "what on earth is the matter? You look as white as a sheet!"

"I don't feel very well, dear. Excuse me one minute," stammered Mr. Baxter. And he rose hurriedly, upsetting his plate, and jumped to the ground. Just as he reached terra firma he saw the clergyman shaking hands with his friend on the box seat; he was turning toward Mr. Heathcote's drag; in another second detection would follow. Tom glanced hurriedly round; the door of the drag was open and no one was looking. He accordingly plunged in head foremost, shut the door, and to make assurance doubly sure, pulled up the wooden blind. Then he breathed more freely. But what on earth would the Heathcotes think? A confederate was absolutely necessary. The Heathcotes' family butler, Mr. Binns, was an old friend of Tom's, and might be relied upon. Baxter espied Binns opening a bottle of champagne, and attracted his attention as noiselessly as possible.

"Binns!" he whispered, in great agitation, "please say to Miss Alice that I am not well, and that I have gone to take a walk, to bathe my head—say anything, Binns—but for mercy's sake don't let her know that I'm in here. Don't let anybody know. You won't, will you?" he continued, piteously.

Mr. Binns thought that Tom was off his head, but his impassive face betrayed no surprise.

"Certainly, sir. Any other message?"

"No! that will do—and, Binns, come back here at once; I want you to do something else."

"Yessir."

The message caused some little surprise and much sympathy.

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Alice; "it all comes from working so hard in those terrible slums, and never taking a holiday."

When Binns returned Tom asked him in the same agitated whisper:

"Did you notice a tall, thin gentleman—a clergyman—standing beside the next drag just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see him now?"

"Yes, sir," said Binns; also whispering, "he's a-standing close by."

"Good gracious!" murmured Tom. "Look here, come and tell me when he's gone."

And Tom pulled up the other wooden blind half way, and cowered on the floor among the cushions and dust cloaks. It was terribly hot and stuffy, but he dared not move until Binns returned, and that personage was absent for no less than half an hour by Tom's watch. The captive was growing desperate, when at last a welcome face appeared at the window above the blind.

"Mr. Baxter, sir," whispered Binns, "the clerical gent, sir; he's on the roof of our drag."

"You don't say so!" groaned Tom.

"He is, indeed, sir. He and master seems very thick; they're talking over old Cambridge times. I never waited on him before, sir."

"Of course," said the curate in despair. "I see it now. Old Septimus was at Cambridge, so was Heathcote; they are old friends. How in the name of Providence am I to get out of this? I say, Binns, do you know I must stop here till he goes. You will keep it dark—now won't you?"

"Most certainly, sir," said the sympathetic butler. "Won't you have some lunch, sir? Nobody will know."

Tom smiled in his misery at the idea. After all, why shouldn't he?

"Well, Binns, I really think I will."

And the trusty servitor disappeared to return with a huge plateful of cold pie, a bottle of champagne and some strawberries.

"Thank ye, Binns," same Tom, gratefully; "now go away and don't come back till the clergyman has gone. Whew! How hot it is!"

It was hot and no mistake. On a scorching day the interior of a drag with the windows shut is about as agreeable a resting place as the Black Hole. Tom could not let the blinds down, so he drank a tumbler of iced champagne, which made him much warmer than before, though it inspired him to smile at his position. His stiff collar was growing limp, and his heavy black garments began to grow insupportable.

"Wonder if I dare to take my coat off?" he asked himself. The mental answer was "Yes," and he proceeded to do so. Then he felt better, finished the plate of pie, and had another tumbler of the champagne. "I feel half inclined to go out and face him," reflected Tom, but his heart failed. He piled the dust cloaks, coats and umbrellas in one corner, and tried to make himself comfortable. Presently, however, the match was resumed, and then his real suffering began. Tom had never endured such torture. Loud applause frequeltly broke upon his ears; shouts of "Well hit!" "Well bowled!" "Well caught!" and, sometimes, more maddening even than these sounds, there was a deep hush of suspense in the noisy crowd, or a distinctly audible sigh of relief, which told his practiced ears that some exciting crisis of the game had come or gone.

He vainly peered over the half drawn blind to catch a glimpse of the players; he could, however, see nothing but a forest of black hats and variegated sunshades. Binns returned not—Tom dared not quit his hiding place, and despair once more possessed his soul. "Suppose I'm here for the afternoon. Holy Moses, how appallingly hot it is!" (Heat is apt to relax the propriety even of a curate's language.) "Wish I dared to take some more of my clothes off!" And then his eye fell on the champagne bottle, which was nearly half full. "Well, I can have another drink, at all events!" And again his troubles seemed less. He stretched himself out as well as he could, for he was a big man and the space was small, and by degrees he finished the bottle. "If only I had a weed," he reflected; "haven't smoked for months, it seems years."

And growing bold even to recklessness, he hunted in the pockets of the other men's overcoats till he found a cigar case. When he had lit a cigar he felt comparatively at ease. It was very hot, he thought, but a peaceful feeling stole over him; the hum of the crowd grew fainter and fainter; the shouts of applause more distant; even the hammering of sticks and umbrellas on the drag, within six inches of his head, ceased to annoy him. He pulled at his cigar less energetically; soon it fell from his lips, and the Rev. Thomas Baxter slept as peacefully as a child.

He was awakened by a rough shake and shout in his ear of "Hi, wake up!" Returning to semi-consciousness he indistinctly heard exclamations of "Shameful!" "Disgusting!" "Who would have thought it!" And then a familiar voice said in somewhat quavering accents, "Leave him to me, papa. I must see him alone." Tom pulled himself together with a jerk, opened his heavy eyes, and found himself confronted by Miss Alice Heathcote, who stood with flushed cheeks and indignant expression at the door of the drag.

"Are you awake, sir?" she inquired, with elaborate sternness.

"Awake! yes; why not, dear?" stammered Mr. Baxter.

"Then what is the meaning of this? You leave me hours ago and say you don't feel well, and here I find you sound asleep when the play is over for the day, and we have been sending all over the ground for you. And in your shirt sleeves, too!"

"Good gracious! I beg your pardon. I forgot." And, blushing scarlet, the curate huddled on his coat.

"And they all say that you are drunk," she continued, with a half sob. "Oh, Tom, it's shameful!"

"Drunk!" cried Mr. Baxter, indignantly. "I should like to meet anybody who says that I'm drunk! Let me explain, darling. I'll come out now." And then he caught sight of his vicar again and shrank back. "Is that man never going?"

"What man?" asked Miss Alice, with impatience. "Really, Tom, you must be mad today."

"Why, the clergyman, Alice, dear; do you know who he is?"

"Of course I do; it's Mr. Grayson, a vicar somewhere in Yorkshire, an old college friend of papa's; they haven't met for twenty years. I'm sure he's not an alarming person—in fact, the only strange thing about him is that about twenty people have mistaken him for your man—Mr. Straightway, you know. Are they at all alike?"

"Yes, they are—rather," gasped Tom, scarcely knowing whether he stood on his head or heels. "Come and introduce him to me, darling. I'll make it all right with your father."

And he did; but it will be some time before he hears the last of that cricket match.—London Truth.

A boiler head in the dye house of Henry Wing, of Chicago, blew out and scattered a box of pins standing near with such force that Mr. Wing was literally stuck full of them. He will recover.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Wisconsin Bennett school law, which has so stirred up Germans in that state, is declared to have been framed by Germans of Milwaukee.

Fire at Anderson, Ind., destroyed T. C Fisher's snath and cradle factory, causing a loss of $30,000, less $10,000 insurance.

The Bakers' union of St. Joseph, Mo., has decided to strike for ten hours' work a day and increased wages.

Doctors, as a rule, are reticent about their fees, but Dr. Willard Parker was paid $100,000 for the successful removal of an excrescence from the face and neck of the son and heir of one of the wealthiest families in the vicinity of New York.

Harvard has offered her duplicate collections in biology and archæology to Toronto university, which was recently destroyed by fire.

Henri Rochefort still refuses to take rooms in London except from week to week, and will not learn the English language.

The annual reunion of the Graver family, which comprises 500 members in Illinois alone, was held at Monticello and was largely attended.

H. H. Cook, who was supposed to have committed suicide in Omaha three months ago, is living in Oklahoma.

While walking on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad track near Demmier, Pa., Michael Golden and Thomas Jones, painters, were struck by a freight train. Golden was cut to pieces and Jones so badly injured that he will die.

Near Georgetown, Ky., J. U. Robertson and William Bailey, who were attending church, went outside to warn off some railroad laborers who were attempting to break up the service, after the preaching was concluded. Robertson was killed and Bailey dangerously wounded.

Fifty thousand Liverpool dockmen are out on a strike, and the number increases daily.

The customs committee of the French chamber of deputies has voted a duty of 3 francs on foreign corn and 5 francs on corn flour.

A man named Shephard was arrested at Keokuk, Iowa, charged with making counterfeit money. He said his family was starving, and, being unable to obtain work, he resorted to coniaking as a means of support.

James Fosset, a magistrate of Redwood, Miss., was shot and killed in a saloon at that place by Frank Kearney.

Thomas Todd was locked up at Lima, Ohio, Friday night for drunkenness. He set fire to the bedclothing in the cell and died from suffocation.

The Cherokee strip is covered with "prairie schooners," and hundreds of men, under the pretense of hunting game, are said to be selecting choice claims.

The cable dispatch to Brazil in which King Humbert announced the death of the Duke of Aosta to that prince's second son cost the trifle of $2,784.

The 2-year-old child of Expressman Johnson, of Terre Haute, Ind., swallowed a nail and choked to death.

At Youngstown, Ohio, John Loritz was killed by a train, which he saw coming, but made no effort to get out of the way.

A vein of soft coal of the cannel variety has been found about eight miles west of Chamberlain, S. D.

William O'Brien's book, "When We Were Boys," written while he was in prison, will soon be issued from the press.

Was Off in Her Judgment.

CHICAGO, March 10.—The matrimonial relations of ex-President Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland furnished the basis for a dinner participated in by thirteen of Englewood's prominent ladies last Thursday evening. Over a year ago two ladies made a wager, one betting that President Cleveland would be divorced within a year after they left the White House. The year expired March 4.

Another Pipe-Line for Chicago.

LIMA, O., March 10.—The Standard Oil company has a corps of men engaged, who will at once begin the work of laying a new eight-inch pipe-line between this point and Chicago. This new line is made necessary by the largely increased demand for Lima oil, which has outgrown the capacity of the present line. The force at the Solar refinery has been augmented by 300 men.

There Was Not a Drop to Drink.

DULUTH, Minn., March 10.—For the first time in the history of Duluth there was no public drinking on Sunday. Every saloon, without exception, was closed Saturday night at 11 o'clock, and not a glass of wet goods was to be had for love or money Sunday. As a result West Superior prospered to the extent of fully $2,000 from Duluth residents.

A Chicago Defaulter.

CHICAGO, March 10.—C. V. Henkel, cashier for the Globe Light and Heat Company, of this city, is missing, and is said to be a defaulter, but to what amount is not now definitely known.

Death of a Well-Known Banker.

ZANESVILLE, O., March 10.—John T. Ingalls, president of the Union bank, this city, and well known throughout the country, died at noon Sunday of heart failure, aged 57.

Tattooing Algerian Girls.

In Algeria every girl born of native parents is tattooed on her forehead between the eyebrows and just at the root of the nose with a cross, formed of several straight lines of small stars running close together. These tattoo marks are a dark blue color. Algerian women are also considerably tattooed on the backs of their hands, their forearms and chests, as well as on their shoulders—their wrists being especially adorned with drawings representing bracelets and flowers strung together. As a rule women are the operators, and it is principally on children between the ages of 7 and 8 that they have to exercise their art. They use sometimes a needle, but more frequently a Barbary fig tree thorn. They employ kohl as a coloring substance. It is a kind of fine powder made from sulphur of antimony, which is also in great request by the Algerian women for the purpose of face painting.—Chicago Herald.

A Nation of Bathers.

Among the working classes in Siam even the festoons of cobwebs rarely attract attention, though they may be black with age and dust and smoke (for there are no chimneys to the houses, and the cooking is all done inside). And yet in their own way the Siamese are a very cleanly people.

They are a nation of bathers, and from infancy always indulge in a regular plunge two or three times a day. The children are amphibious, and rather more at home and much happier in the water than in the house.—New York Journal.

LEFT BEHIND AT THE HOTEL.

Some of the Matters Overlooked by Hurried and Forgetful Travelers.

Every hotel in New York has a storeroom for valuable articles left behind by guests. In such hotels as the Astor, the Fifth Avenue, the Sinclair, the Hoffman and hotels further up town, a set of books is kept in which are jotted down descriptions of the goods forgotten by absent minded and hurried ones. Where the hotel does a vast amount of transient business it is sometimes difficult to arrange the goods for future identification. In such cases the integrity of servants must be the guarantee, and this is strictly relied upon. Immediately after the rooms are vacated the chambermaid takes temporary possession. She gathers up the goods left behind by the last occupant and hands them over to the clerk. He looks on the register and tags the packages and articles with the name of the guest and the number of the room he occupied on the day of departure.

All these notes are then transcribed into the books kept for such business. If the guest is well known at the hotel and the articles found after his departure are extremely valuable, he is immediately notified and requested to identify the property. Otherwise the goods are kept until his next visit.

"We've got a toothbrush and a pair of shoes of yours here. Send 'em up?" is the greeting that some out of town patron of the house receives.

"You left a pair of trousers behind last time," is hurled at another.

If there is a woman in the case the housekeeper is notified from the desk when the husband registers, and pretty soon the housekeeper knocks on the door of the couple's apartment, and the wife is informed that on her last visit she forgot her bustle, or a bunch of hair, or a chemise, or a petticoat. The game of a woman's lingerie is rung, for women are quite as forgetful as men. The housekeeper usually visits the room with the missing articles, and hands them over on the spot.

There is scarcely a hotel in New York that couldn't start an umbrella shop. Everybody seems to forget an umbrella. Go to any hotel in town and tell the proprietor that you thoughtlessly left one behind while at the hotel. He will summon the porter and direct him to take out the lost umbrellas. Pretty soon the porter is heading for you, staggering under a great load of umbrellas. There are cotton ones, ginghams, and articles of the finest silk, with gold and silver handles. No particular or formal oath is necessary to identify an umbrella. The proprietor does not and cannot demur. If he kept strict account of all the umbrellas left in his establishment his bookkeepers wouldn't have anything else to do. An old customer told Landlord Ashman, of the Sinclair house, the other night in the rush time that he had forgotten his umbrella a few nights before, and had left it in the dining room. Mr. Ashman thereupon ordered the porter to bring out the lost umbrellas. There was a handcart load of them.

It is a particularly interesting fact that many diamond rings are left behind by guests. They are usually found on the washstands. The ladies are the chief delinquents in this respect. Before washing their hands they pull off their rings and lay them on the washstand. In the hurry to get to the dining room preparatory to leaving on the next train, the rings are frequently forgotten. Sometimes they are very valuable. There have been frequent instances where whole boxes of jewels have been forgotten. These invariably find their way to the clerk's desk, and the owners are soon found. Watches innumerable are found under pillows, having been put there by guests on retiring and overlooked in the rush of the morning. Many pocketbooks, some of them substantially lined with greenbacks, are forgotten, often no doubt to the embarrassment of the owner. It is not considered by well regulated minds to be first chop comfort to find yourself tearing away from town on a New York Central or a Pennsylvania flyer without a copper. But telegraph, if the operator will trust you, and the wallet will be hurried after you either by express or registered mail.

Then there are gold pencils, gloves, shoes, hats, coats, overcoats, eyeglasses, spirit lamps, shirt studs, powder boxes and hand glasses. One enterprising citizen forgot his gripsack and everything in it the other night. Another left without a valuable set of surgical instruments. There are more toothbrushes forgotten in New York hotels in a week than any shop in New York can replace on the instant. Slippers, cuffs and collars enough to start a haberdasher's shop, ladies' stockings of silk and all other textures, night dresses of lace and plain, canes, work baskets, trusses, shawls, bootjacks, rubber coats, bracelets, opera glasses, ladies' hats, entire suits of clothes, ladies' cloaks, fur sacks, fans, Bibles, sermons, dress waists, garters, corsets, earrings—these and hundreds of other articles make up the year's collection in the big hotels of New York. When the owner is not found the goods are usually kept a year. No hotel clerk in town seems to know what becomes of them after that.—New York Sun.

The Violin Makers.

In Markneukirchen, with its surrounding villages, Klingenthal, Fleissen, Rohrback and Graslitz, in Saxony, are about fifteen thousand people who do nothing else, day after day, but make violins. The inhabitants, from the little urchin to the old gray headed man, the small girl and the old grandmother, all are engaged in making some parts of a fiddle. A good instrument consists of sixty-two different pieces. The older men make the finger board from ebony, and the string holder or the screws. The small boys make themselves useful by looking after the glue pot. A man with strong, steady hands and a clear eye puts the different pieces together, and this is the most difficult task of all. The women generally occupy themselves as polishers, and the family that has a daughter who is a good polisher is considered fortunate. Even a young man, when he goes a-wooing, inquires whether the young girl is a good polisher; and if she is, it certainly will increase his affection for her at least twofold. The polishing takes a good deal of time, some of the best violins being twenty and even thirty times polished. Every family has its peculiar style of polishing, and they never vary from that. There is one that makes nothing but a deep wine color, another a citron color, yet another an orange color, and so on.—Letter in Boston Transcript.

American Printing.

Do you know there are 12,000 papers, magazines, etc., published in the United States, that there are over 62,000 persons, 4,000 of them females, employed in American composing rooms, and that many of the 17,000 professional writers in the country are practical printers? The most glorious of all the discoveries on which the genius of the middle ages may lay his hand and proudly say, "This is mine"—and the middle ages gave birth to all the extraordinary inventions that give to modern life its vast superiority over antiquity—is the invention of printing.

It is a boon of unqualified good, its possession is entirely beneficial, for it has added to our store of knowledge, multiplied our enjoyments, and given a new cast to our mind and increased activity to our powers. It has raised us in the scale of thinking beings, has enlarged the limits of our reasons, added to the dignity of our nature by giving birth to public opinion, and now man is no longer content if he does not know all the news and have daily information about the whole human race.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Late Lord Napier's Nerve.

The death of Lord Napier, of Magdala, recalls a story of the old soldier's nerve as exhibited once, in a time of profound peace, in India. The Sikh warriors were famous swordsmen, and, if any one was hardy enough to test their skill, they could cut an apple, resting on the palm of a man's hand, cleanly in two equal pieces, so that each piece dropped separately to the ground, without fraying the skin of the outstretched hand. Perfect steadiness was required in the person holding the apple, for if the hand shrank the consequences were likely to be serious. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the offer to perform this feat was more often made than accepted.

For a long time Lord Napier refused to believe that the wild soldiers could do this thing, and when one of them invited him to hold the apple and witness the exploit he promptly consented, supposing that the swordsman would flinch from the undertaking; but the Sikh had entire confidence in his own skill. His eye, however, detected a little irregularity on the general's right palm as it was held out, and he asked him to present the apple in his left hand. Lord Napier afterward said that, for the first time in his life, he was conscious of the sensation of fear, as the conviction flashed upon him that the man was not going to "back out." However, firm as a rock, the hand, with the apple upon it, was extended, the sword flashed down, and the fruit fell in two segments to the earth. The skin was not scratched, but its owner said he felt the keen blade touch it, as though a hair had been broken across it. He added that, though he was at last convinced of the Sikh swordsman's skill, he would never again allow one of them to test it in that way; and he advised his officers to make the same resolution.—New York Sun.

LOST ON SANDY HOOK.

A WEIRD NIGHT TRAMP THROUGH CEDARS AND SAND DUNES.

Wandering Among the Ribs of Lost Ships. What the Waves Seem to Say—The Shattered Tombstones—Safe at Last in the Hotel McGinty.

Lost on Sandy Hook! Portentous enough is the word "lost" at any time, but coupled as it is in this instance with a waste of sand dunes bristling with the bones of lost ships and dead men, it becomes doubly portentous. Yes, I was lost on Sandy Hook, and in the darkest night that ever threw a pall over lonely sea and shore. How I came to be a wandering wayfarer on that lonely, aye, God forsaken strand matters but little. Suffice it to say that late one afternoon I had paid a visit to a little grave far up on the hillside of the eternal Highlands of Navesink.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

As I stood beside that tiny tomb recollections of another sainted one came over me, and so real did her presence seem that with her hand in mine we two wandered in the spirit down through the old drives and by the old alder trees, which she once knew so well, and on by the twin lighthouses and across the dark, flowing river to the sea beach, where we two had so often strolled before. And she led me thus unheeding my whereabouts, only heeding her presence and the same old love light in her eyes. 'Twas thus she led me down these old paths, her memory floating back out of the past like a half forgotton song, until suddenly the deep diapason of the surf swelled up and swallowed the song of our loves. That sweet voice was lost. I called for her in vain. The waves roared a mocking reply that sounded like "Nevermore."

In vain did I plead for that sweet voice. Again did the great organ of the surf respond remorselessly in a grand chorus, "Nevermore." In inane rage I flung myself on the strand. Then cooler moments intervened, and there on the wet sand, with none but God and the rippling river to hear, I poured out my soul in sorrow. And the starlight fell like a benediction on my upturned face, and the running river sang a dirge.

Had I been laboring under a spell! Had she really returned to me, or was it all a dream? What it was I know not. Only this, I was lost on Sandy Hook. Alone there on a desert shore, alone with my conscience. I remember I thought of my situation as likened to that of Robinson Crusoe, but my night was darker than any of Juan Fernandez, rendered doubly dark by the black wings of remorse that flapped about me. Dark as divine wrath was the blackness about, unillumined by star or lights far out at sea, for the dwarf cedars hid both from me. Yet now and then there came floating in over the waters the sound of signal bells at sea, ringing out warnings to the wanderers of the deep.

At last, worn out with exertion, I half tumbled upon what had been the spar of a lost ship. Placing my hand for support upon the sand at my side, it touched something. The knowing nerves of the hand telegraphed to my fevered brain what that something was. It was a human skull, the melancholy memorial of man's mortality. Aghast, I threw it from me. The spot seemed accursed, and I rose and tottered on, human will prevailing over the weakness of the body. As I mounted a big dune a cry of joy issued from my lips. There, like diamonds set in the ebon field of night, gleamed the twin lights, and beneath them in a sable bank lay the everlasting Highlands. Endeavoring to keep those jewels ever in my view, I wandered on, but they, alas, were again lost behind the veil of cedar and sand.

LOST 200 YEARS AGO.

Recollections of the wrecks of other years came over me, and I thought I wandered through a vast charnel house. Again I fell and my hand struck what seemed like the base of a shattered tombstone. Although I had never before visited that spot I knew that the shattered marble was erected in memory of a British frigate's boat's crew which, led by a young nobleman, was lost in the snow in the same place almost 200 years before. With sympathetic fingers I traced out the graven words near the base of the stone, "Erected by his mother, Lady ——," and there the legend ended. But right roundly in that dark and lonesome spot I cursed the vandals who had desecrated that cemetery and destroyed that everlasting tribute of a fond mother's love. Somewhere near by I knew from history lay the bones of several refugees killed soon after the retreat of the British from Monmouth. I am uncertain that I found the place of their burial, but quite near at hand I found a section of human frontal bone, which I carefully placed in an inner pocket of my peajacket.

Again I wandered on crying for human aid until I entered a tiny grove. Suddenly a light blazed full in my face from the hastily opened door of a habitation and a rough voice exclaimed:

"What's the matter? Lost?"

"Yes," was the hesitating reply, for I half feared the place was a pirates' den.

"This is the Hotel McGinty and I am Pierre Troutman, the proprietor. Wayfarers are welcome, and we still have a few rooms on the lower floors left. Come in, stranger, and welcome."

Too dazed to speak, I accepted the invitation and entered the Hotel McGinty, which was a rude one story frame shanty, perhaps 12x16 feet and lined with rows of crude bunks arranged as on shipboard.

Troutman said that he and his men, who were all asleep, were saving that portion of the cargo of the wrecked bark Germania that had washed ashore on Sandy Hook. The Germania was wrecked at Long Branch, he said, on the night of Nov. 27.

After a hearty meal, a friendly smoke, a yarn or two and a song, the writer was tucked snugly in a lower berth to seek rest for his weary body and overwrought brain in a deep and refreshing sleep.—New York World.

A Fact

WORTH knowing is that blood diseases which all other remedies fail to cure, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

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Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

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Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast. Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

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Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hegely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lase sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 719 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 6714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 351 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHerna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J. P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris, treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R, South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 273 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James P. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, 550 W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; Treas, Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p

ABOUT CLOTHES PINS.

Some Talk with a Dealer in These Adjuncts of a High Civilization.

"The longer you lif," as a philosophic German once remarked, "the more you findt, by chimineddy, oudt!" During a desultory walk about the city the other day the writer was more than ever struck with this triple shod truth.

For instance, there's the common, everyday clothes pin—the reliable old bisected clothes pin of our mothers, which no man has ever been able to improve on any more than he has improved upon the wheelbarrow or the old fashioned wooden rolling pin. Who would imagine that there was anything about the clothes pin that was worth finding out? Nobody! But there is.

In his walk the writer was passing a little grocery, where a box of clothes pins was among the things displayed outside.

"How much for clothes pins today?" he asked of the grocer.

"Four cents," was the reply.

"Four cents apiece?"

"Apiece! Great Hickory! no. Four cents a dozen!"

"Ah-h-h! Are you a good judge of clothes pins?"

"Should say so! I've made more than a million of 'em!" replied the storekeeper. "I've followed the clothes pin, sir, in all the processes of its evolution, from the growing tree to the polishing box. Say!" exclaimed the dealer, in a sudden burst of confidence and picking up a clothes pin. "To look at that pin you'd scarcely believe that the manufacturer could make and sell twelve of them for a cent, and have profit of more than 50 per cent. on them at that; now, would you?"

"Not to look at it, I wouldn't."

"But he can do it, sir," exclaimed the grocer. "He can do it. He can whittle out clothes pins at the rate of eighty a minute. How? Easy enough. All he's got to do is to take his maple or birch log and go to work. Say his log is ten feet long and a foot through. He won't have to pay more than $2 for it. If he pays any more than that he don't know his business. That log will whittle up into 12,000 clothes pins as certain as the tree the log came from grew. It will take the man two hours and a half to chew that log up into clothes pins, which is at the rate of 4,800 an hour. But when they are all cut out they are worth $96.40 to the maker. He will work ten hours a day, if he is smart, and will get away with four of those logs. It's easy figuring to find out that he will then have on hand 48,000 clothes pins, worth $385.60 if they're worth a cent.

"The lumber for those pins has cost only $8, providing the man wasn't stuck in buying it. Now, if that was all the expense, a man with a clothes pin factory would be a blamed sight better off than if he owned a coal mine. But those logs have to run the gauntlet of a good deal of machinery before they are full fledged clothes pins. A saw separates the log into lengths of sixteen inches; another one saws these blocks into boards three-quarters of an inch thick; a third saw reduces the boards to strips three-quarters of an inch square. These little strips are pushed to a big wheel, which hurries them to a gang of other saws, where they are chopped into clothes pin lengths quicker than a sausage machine can chop up a pound of beef.

"These lengths are carried by a swift moving belt to a machine that grabs them and sets them in a lathe. The lathe gives them their shape in the twinkling of an eye and throws them to the man, who feeds them to still another saw, which moves backward and forward as if it were madder than a snake. This saw chews out the slot that the washerwoman is to shove down over the clothes on the line one of these days, and the clothes pin is ready, all but kiln drying and polishing. Kiln drying knocks the sap out of the wood, and the polishing is done by letting the clothes pins rub against themselves in a revolving iron cylinder.

"All these processes cost money, and when the manufacturer comes to put up his goods for sale he finds that his profit on the 48,000 pins, or a day's hard work, is only about $193. I pay the manufacturer 1 cent a dozen, or about 84 cents a thousand, and, really, sir, I am compelled in these tight times to sell them for 4 cents a dozen, or $3.36 a thousand, which wouldn't be so bad if I sold a thousand every hour or so. But, with care, a thousand clothes pins will stay by me for a month or two, and I have even had them with me a whole year. Chinese cheap labor is pelting the life out of the clothes pin trade, for Ling Sing and Wun Lung don't use clothes pins in their handries, and they're washing about all the clothes that are washed, it seems to me, nowadays. How many dozen shall I do you up, sir?"

"Half a dozen'll do," said the reporter, and the man looked disappointed as he counted them out.—New York Sun.

Conveniences for House Hunters.

The house hunter must have observed that within a few years the real estate agents of the city have shown a tendency toward the adoption of trade marks or distinguishing emblems on their "for rent" signs. For a long time these placards were all of uniform design. One firm adopted the plan of covering hair of the placard surface with red paint or ink. Such a placard could be readily identified a block distant. The idea caught on, and now there are stars, anchors, shields and cross bars, white letters on a black ground, clubs and disks on red, white and blue; crosses, diamonds, triangles—in fact every form of simple design and outline. Another reform that is much appreciated by house hunters has been introduced by enterprising agents, and that is to have at the office photographs of the exterior of the buildings for rent and a floor plan of the house, showing the location of the closets and stairways, the size of the rooms, etc. A lady can tell by a single glance at the plan whether the house will suit her or not, and it saves her the labor of running all over the city on an errand that is full of disappointments.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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"And you are happy?"

"Happy and contented—yes, why not?"

So spoke a high private in Uncle Sam's army, referring to his official income for standing in readiness to save the country.

"Why shouldn't I be happy?" he went on. "Here I am well fed, well clothed, well cared for, my every want supplied. In sickness they give me care and medicines. My food is wholesome and well cooked. My quarters are comfortable and kept with scrupulous neatness. My friends are in the same social scale with me. We know no rank, no higher or lower. We have our common duties and, these over, our common amusements. We travel around the country in our special trains and get to know something of life in every clime. What more, pray, can a reasonable man desire? Our duty ends with the orders that come to us. We obey and have no further responsibility. We take life easy? Why not? In addition, we have an allowance of fifty cents per day, with the prospect of an increase from year to year. This, with the conditions just mentioned, often leads one to think that we are, after all, getting about all there is of the good in life with but little of its burdens or annoyances."—Detroit Free Press.

About the Teeth.

You can't save half of your teeth by making the other half do double duty. If you don't wear your teeth out nature will throw them out.

One cause of toothache is the inactivity of the teeth.

All the brute creation munches from six to twenty hours of the twenty-four. Their teeth are often bad, but for the most part they are good. The only treatment they get is self administered.

Gum chewing may have its advantages.

If one chews on both sides of his mouth and moderately there ought to be no evil results. It is all nonsense to restrict one's food to mush and other soft stuff simply because harder food hurts the teeth.—New York Telegram.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County, March Term, A. D. 1890. William Murray vs Patrick Murray, Michael Murray, Edward Murray, Andrew Murray, John Murray and James Cruikshank. In Chancery, No. 79 251.

Notice is hereby given to the said James Cruikshank that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1890, as is by law required and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan and J. B. Heffernan, Complainant's Solicitors

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BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
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38 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.
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JAMES O'CONNELL,
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Room 905 Chicago Opera House,
Corner Clark and Washington-sts.

RYAN, JOHN B.,
Attorney-at-Law.
153 W. Madison-st., Room 1.
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ESTATE OF WILLIAM LUBECKER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Lubecker, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1890, being the 17th day thereof.

BARBARA LUBECKER,
Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 22, 1890.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

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A Montreal letter.

The True Witness and Chronicle, Montreal Can. Published Oct, 24th, '88

We are in receipt of a letter from one of our well known citizens, Mr. E. Boisvert, who writes that upon recommendation of the most Rev. M. Marchand, of Drummondville, he was induced to use for that most dreadful of all nervous diseases, FITS, a few bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; and is glad to state that after having suffered for eight years is now entirely cured, and heartily recommends all sufferers of nervous diseases to try this remedy.

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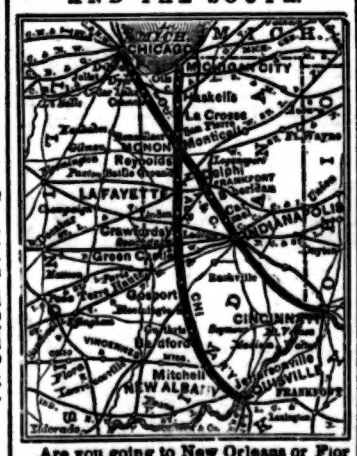

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